

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 2, No. 33

{ The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietor.
Office—9 Adelaide Street West. }

TORONTO, JULY 13, 1889.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. } Whole No. 85

Around Town.

The death of John Norquay, ex Premier of Manitoba, while still in his prime is a good example of how little there is in politics for those who try to be honest in the discharge of their duties and at the same time loyal to their friends. He died a poor man, and his wife and family will have to subsist on a paltry life insurance policy which will scarce afford them food and shelter of the commonest kind. A half-breed is generally a mixture of the bad qualities of both races, but when one is found who unites the good qualities of both races he is generally a very strong and able man. John Norquay was of the latter class, but he met Sir John A. Macdonald and his political career was fettered by the strange fascination which has been so often exercised by the Dominion Premier. Loyalty to John A. Macdonald drove Premier Norquay out of office—office which he had filled with distinction and rare ability for many years. A first class funeral seems to be one of the few things Canadian people are willing to accord to their favorites. After a man is dead they seem to realize how good a fellow and worthy a citizen he was and turn out in miles of carriages to see him buried. It is a poor reward, a discouraging ending. If W. R. Meredith, leader of the Ontario Opposition, were to die to-morrow his graces would be sung so loudly and sincerely that the populace would wonder how it was possible that such a man had been kept in opposition while he lived. He too has been ever loyal to his political high priest, though circumstances have proven that his opposition to the once "taking" cry of provincial rights has been much more far-sighted than the policy of those who made the province everything and the Dominion nothing. It is perhaps his good fortune that he will live to see the tide turn and be borne upon the wave to that success which he so well deserves. Still there has been much in the natures of the two men which suggests a comparison.

The newspapers have for weeks been publishing column after column concerning the Sullivan-Kilrain prize fight, watching with as much interest the movements of the pugilists as if they had been field-marshals of fighting forces in a European war. We have had every detail of how they have been trained and the prospects of knocking one another out. The opinion of Muldoon and McCaffrey and McGuffin and everybody else has been stated as to their condition, science and how much punishment they could stand. When the fight came off every round was described in these papers with no brutal detail omitted, but to square themselves they have editorially condemned such brutal exhibitions, deplored the laxity of the law in the States, the low state of morals among certain classes of the community and the "silly drive about the manly art of self-defence," etc. I cannot for the life of me see that it is any worse to go to see a prize fight than it is to read about one, nor more degraded to be the backer or sponge holder than the publisher of "the sickening and brutalizing details." Of course the newspapers say they have to publish because the people want to read it, and I can vouch for the fact that there has not been such a call for evening papers or so much discussion of the probabilities over any similar American event since the Presidential election. This probably proves that the state of morals in Canada is not much better than in the States as far as prize fighting is concerned. True, such exhibitions are prohibited, but it is also true that the prohibition has not changed the public desire to see and hear about this sort of thing, and the fact affords us a glimpse of that part of human nature which is always most interested in that which is prohibited and most eager for the things which have been declared improper. But does the fact that newspapers are forced by the clamor for news—though understanding that the publication of the prize fights does as much injury, nay, very much more injury, to public morals than the fight itself—relieve them from responsibility in the matter? Or does the short editorial condemning the prize fight alone for the columns of descriptive matter which preceded and followed it? There is a great deal of hypocrisy in such things. Either a newspaper must assert a superior moral standard to its readers and stick to it, or if it descends to the level which its readers demand it should put on no air of superior sanctity, because it is as inconsistent as the lecture of a grog seller would be on temperance. They claim, however, that they are trying to point out the right course and educate public opinion, but public opinion is much more widely educated by the descriptive matter than by the paragraph in the opinion department, and the great newspaper press of America is as responsible for the Sullivan-Kilrain fight as were Muldoon and Mitchell, the respective trainers of the two pugs.

It seems to me that there is a great deal of a very similar sort of humbug in the criticism being made at such great length in many of the Liberal newspapers acent the recent union of the Hon. G. E. Foster with Mrs. Addie Chisholm of Hamilton, recently divorced by a Chicago court. It so happens that the Honorable Foster is a member of Sir John's cabinet and has wielded a very wide influence throughout Canada as an advocate of temperance reform which in his present position goes to strengthen the Ministry of which he is a member. It is rather suggestive therefore that the high moral ground is being taken by Mr. Foster's political opponents while the Government's friends in the press really feel it unnecessary to speak of the

matter. Both kinds of papers object to the lax divorce laws of the United States in a general way, but they do not detect this looseness so strongly that it will separate them from their political idols. There is little or no doubt that legally Mrs. Addie Chisholm is still Mrs. Addie Chisholm as far as Canada is concerned and that she cannot become Mrs. Foster here without having done what the Liberal newspapers allege that she has not done.

The affair has still another phase which it is not altogether pleasant to contemplate. The Honorable Foster has posed as the Christian politician, the bright and shining religious light of a Cabinet who it is said were not chosen altogether because of their religious tendencies. He has been the preacher of temperance and has endeavored to exalt it as one of the chief virtues, not only of the Christian, but of the citizen. Mrs. Addie Chisholm also was a chief of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and she has been unflagging in her denunciation of wickedness in high places and elsewhere, particularly when the wickedness arose from the accursed drink. Now both

forgetful that it is often our littleness which protects us from investigations which might reveal very much more serious defects in our own character. It has been said that the man who exalts himself shall be abased, but don't we carry it too far? No one has all the virtues and but few of us have any except those which come easy to us. Mr. Foster may have very rigid ideas with regard to drinking and be very modern and moderate on the question of divorce. Some people are exceedingly rigid as to observing the Sabbath who go home exceedingly drunk on Saturday night. In fact the drunkenest section of the British Islands is said to be Scotland, yet the Scotch are immovable in their Sabbatharianism. There are a great many who are strongly opposed to loose divorce laws and drunkenness who are flagrantly immoral. In fact, among the men of my acquaintance, I know several who do not respect the marriage tie in their own case, who are conscientiously and bitterly opposed to divorce of any kind. We perhaps should not expect to find "all-round" and thoroughly good men except in exceptional cases. And this applies even to preachers. I have known ministers thoroughly

were and really awfully in love and "lonely like" you know, if we might not have done nearly so much sacrifice in doing it either. Surely enough "we are all poor weak critters."

The Empire has been much wounded because the Globe has been telling our French-Canadian fellow citizen that his rights would be as much protected if Quebec were a state in the Union as they are now while Quebec is a province of this Confederacy. The Conservative organ imagines that such information is intended to direct the thoughts of Jean Baptiste towards annexation, while the Globe professes that the information was given to teach those who are in such great enmity to the habitant that they must be moderate or the French-Canadian will seek refuge among our neighbors, taking his province with him. I do not imagine it to be the duty of any newspaper in this province to point out the anti-British and anti-Confederation prospects of Quebec. That task is properly attended to by such papers as *La Patrie*, *Le Monde*, *La Minerve*, etc. Just why we of this province

the constitution, and the new clause is known as the Massachusetts Amendment—and it is an amendment or similar to one which may some day be known in this country as the Canadian Amendment. It is to the effect that:

No State shall pass any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or use its money, property, or credit, or any power of taxation or appropriation, or authorize either to be used, for the purpose of founding or aiding any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any sectarian institution, or any undertaking under sectarian or religious control.

If free institutions are threatened under a written constitution by the encroachment of a religious sect how much more dangerous is a similar encroachment to us when we are largely guided by tradition and precedent.

According to a report of his speech which appeared in a contemporary ex-Mayor Howland has been extolling in England the workings of the Scott Act while the counties in Canada have been repealing it in utter disgust at its inefficiency. Before he left here we had discovered that he was politically an "old cloe" man gathering up the bones of dead issues and making a mess of the new ones he attempted, so we need not be surprised at his error abroad, though we have every reason for surprise and resentment when the Telegram makes such absurd comparisons between the "moral" Howland regime and the present "policy"—administration of Mayor Clarke. As Mayor Clarke has spent much of his time fixing up Howland's mistakes and yet has found opportunity for many reforms and as the citizens are aware of this, they laugh at you, dear Telegram, when they read your misplaced enology.

The C. P. R. in evident assurance of the result began taking possession of the city front, but work has been stopped. It is amazing to a private individual to watch the nerve of these corporations who in defiance of public opinion, justice and the ordinary rights of property enter upon such a speculation as if they owned the earth. The more the matter is discussed the more intensely determined the citizens become to yield no jot or tittle of their rights. And this determination evidently befits the issue and it is one that the C. P. R. may as well recognize in a kindly spirit, for Toronto thoroughly appreciates their enterprise and the benefits they have conferred on the city and country, but we very vividly recollect the large sums of money which Toronto has paid as her share of the vast gifts already given to this powerful and aggressive corporation.

The movement to present Ald. Dodds with some tangible token of the city's appreciation of his efforts in having the census taken and for the patriotic celebration of Dominion Day, was a good one. Aldermen too often imagine that no matter what they do the public will not appreciate it and this leads to the leaving undone of many important things. That Toronto can appreciate and reward those who use their time and energy for her advancement I hope will be made plain by the result of the efforts of the committee who have the matter in hand. Already a good beginning has been made and there can be no doubt of its success but it is important it should be made largely successful. Those who take a pride in Toronto and such movements as place her strongly and properly before the people should not wait to be invited but should volunteer their subscriptions to the fund.

The new issue of the Consumers' Gas Company's stock placed on the market sold at an average of about 176. Is not this a convincing proof that they are earning exceedingly large dividends? If they were not would anyone pay \$176 for a \$100 share of stock? The shares offered were eagerly picked up and I imagine the public have been convinced of the truth of what I have been saying. At any rate a sub-committee of the Board of Works the proposal to allow the Gas Company to lay wires necessary to enable them to go into the business of electric lighting found but two supporters and the newspapers are not now so unanimous in giving favorable editorial notices to the company's project. In fact, I am afraid such editorials will not appear again until there is another advertisement inserted.

The English publishers, so we are informed through English sources, are determined to prevent the Dominion Parliament from passing the new copyright act. The English publishers and Englishmen of all sorts will make a very great mistake if they attempt to coerce Canada in this matter. Canadians intend to have their own laws no matter what happens, and the protection of our industries has been so firmly established as a principle of our government that opposition to it would lessen what is now a growing feeling of attachment to the mother land and shake the daily increasing belief that eventually we shall all be a part of a great federation.

At the polls on Tuesday the by-law authorizing the expenditure of nearly \$200,000 was voted upon by only a few hundred voters, and the project of appointing court house commissioners was defeated. It was an unfair test of whether the people did or did not want a commission. In the first place the vote which authorized the expenditure of the additional amount on the court house was immensely larger than that polled on Tuesday, and I think it fair to assume that the majority of them were of the opinion that a commission would be appointed. In the second place the by-law was saddled with the suggestion of one of its opponents that \$8,000 per annum would be



"IF MAY BE FOR YEARS!"

From the *Illustrated London News*.

Mrs. Chisholm and Mr. Foster must have been perfectly well aware that their nuptials would cause a scandal, that that scandal would injure the temperance movement, sadden the hearts of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and impair the usefulness of the contracting parties in their further struggles with the demon of drink. In the face of all these things the marriage was consummated almost immediately after the divorce had been obtained. Now preachers of self-sacrifice, we expect to be exemplars more or less of their doctrine, and I fail to discover in this case any tendency to subdue fleshly instincts for the good of the cause of which they were apparently so enamored.

What is the moral to be deduced from these incongruous phases which are so plentifully found in public and in private life. Old Deacon Bedott summed it up after his evening cogitation that "we are poor weak critters." Isn't it so? We are eternally nagging at one another and exalting the virtues we have and concealing the absence of those we lack. When we discover a weakness in those who profess great things we are apt to exult over it,

sounds on the temperance question, the sacredness of marriage, belief in the entire creed of their church, who could not be trusted in a horse trade any more than the publican and sinner. Absolute commercial honor is as rare as any other kind of morality, and we probably hear less about it, possibly because so many who are afflicted with that particular phase of evil occupy front pews in places where preaching is done. I think if a man tries to be as good as he can, in spite of his evil tendencies, he should not be jumped upon and kicked into outer darkness because he shows his weakness in one particular portion of his make-up, and I try always to remember in criticising, that under similar circumstances I might possibly have done the same thing. Now as to prize fights, I can't say I am sure, if there was to be one that I could attend on the pretense of newspaper business without having a "personal" put in the papers about it, that I might not be tempted to slip around and see it though I don't by any means confess to having any developed liking for brutality. And then we might all ask ourselves—men and women—if we were in the same position as Mr. Foster and Mrs. Chisholm

and the pro-British of the other provinces should feel concerned as to what treatment Quebec would receive if it appealed for entrance to the Union is not clear. For my part I don't believe the Yankees would accept her as a gift, but if Quebec wanted to secede and all the French-Canadians in Canada wanted to secede from the Federation, the balance of Canadians, if they are half men, would not permit them to do anything of the kind. She is in here and has been well treated, and here she is going to stay whether she wants to or not. And while I imagine the *Globe* was providing nothing but information for the public in a new way, the public are in no mood for the consideration of any problem except how we are to get along with the French-Canadian at home. And it might be remarked parenthetically that this problem is going to be solved, and if French Canada is not willing to be represented in the convention which solves it, the solution will be arrived at all the same. While all the provinces are in thought and selfishness so provincial, we must run our nationalism on something else than provincial lines.

It is proposed in the United States to amend

appropriate to the expenses of such a commission. Perhaps it is just as well that the commission was defeated. Judge Oster has very sharply stated the moral obliquity which caused the aldermen to act as they did; and while it does not relieve the aldermen of any responsibility, it gives the people a good cause for electing a proper court-house committee next year. Moreover, it is obvious that a proper committee will be composed of but few of those who are now so anxious to retain the patronage. If the project advocated by SATURDAY NIGHT of nominating good men and submitting their names to the people had been adopted, such commissioners would have been elected, but the aldermen did not intend to have it carried, and took the best means of defeating it. Perhaps it is for the best. Such a small-minded committee would probably have recommended as commissioners men who are as utterly unfit to be commissioners as the majority of aldermen are unfit to be committee-men.

The dispatches of Wednesday indicate that the proposal for an Imperial Federation Convention for all the Colonies is not being abandoned and it is believed that the government are disposed to give the subject the fullest consideration.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy speaking at an Equal Rights meeting at Cobourg a couple of weeks ago is said to have cut himself completely loose from his old political friends and thoroughly demonstrated the sincerity of his present independent stand. Somehow there has been nothing about it in the daily papers. Probably his political friends are still in hopes that they can win him back again to the fold. If he stays where he is he will certainly be a strong factor in the next general elections, and Mr. McCarthy is not the kind of man who makes many changes.

To the Rev. Dr. Parker:

DEAR SIR,—For brevity's sake I address this to you as an open letter, summarizing the little dispute which has arisen about an article which I published two weeks ago, and, in order to have my readers thoroughly understand the nature of our controversy I reproduce it together with your letter which appeared in the *Globe* on the following Tuesday.

(From Saturday Night, June 29.)

Talking about these odious racial comparisons, the Rev.

Dr. Parker, last Sunday, in the Broadway Tabernacle (Toronto) said that the Irish were in reality more dangerous to

the weal of the State than were the Chinese. If he represented the Christian tolerance of Toronto, we would have very little to boast of. Men must be ignorant of the history of human nature, and the first principles of religion, to make in public any such statement. In the army, in the professions, in literature, and in the pulpit, Irishmen have frequently taken the highest place. In many of Britain's wars they have been the bravest soldiers; in many debates the staunchest patriots. The Irish poets have sung many of the sweetest lays which have ever been written, and delivered some of the most resonant speeches in the English tongue. The orators of Ireland are celebrated for some of the most magnificent speeches on all questions; and what Chinaman, may I ask, has ever contributed anything towards the building up of an English-speaking nation? In America while many blatherskites and ignorant fanatics do vast harm and are continually plotting for place and subsidy, yet they are not representative of the enormous Irish-American population whose good citizenship cannot be disputed in the United States or Canada. In the House of Representatives and Congress and in our Parliament and Senate are Irishmen who are too lofty in thought and too chivalrous in speech to make such odious comparisons as that made by the Rev. Dr. Parker. Some of the cleverest men in the professions in this city, some of the best and most generous citizens are Irishmen, and Roman Catholic Irishmen at that, who would not be known as anything but Canadians were it not for a certain exclusiveness which has become necessary to them owing to such outrageous attacks as that made at Broadway Tabernacle on Sunday night. Of course it is possible that Dr. Parker may have been misinformed. I hope he was. It was an unwholesome utterance.

Rev. W. R. Parker.—A Reply to the Strictures of Saturday Night.

TO THE EDITOR [OF THE GLOBE].—When your reporter heard on the streets of some statements credited to me as uttered last Sabbath night in Broadway Tabernacle, he had the courtesy and consideration to interview me in the matter, as had the representative of another leading city daily.

I am the first Sunday the doctor occupied the pulpit

as pastor of the church and he was comparing the growth

of the church to the growth of cities and countries. There

were two elements that contributed to growth of a city or country—the natural increase and emigration. As the city of Toronto drew population largely from the hamlets, villages and towns of the province, so would the Tabernacle congregation be augmented by people from different parts of the city. But it was highly essential that the congregation should be united even though composed of people from different quarters. It was a grand thing for any country to have emigration, but that emigration should go to complete fusion with the native population to form a strong nation. The United States was drawing its tens of thousands from the four quarters of the earth. But the incoming hosts were not fusing with the native people but were becoming discordant and dangerous elements. The Irish Roman Catholics practically controlled New York and there was grave apprehension of trouble coming out of it. They were gaining supremacy in all branches of civic government and were now working for control of the city funds for the purpose of furthering the interests of their separate schools. These Irish, who had openly created trouble and refused to be identified with the national population, had been hitherto welcomed, while Chinamen were despised from entering at the Union's gates. The Chinaman was simple, hardworking and industrious, and made no pretence at raising up a nation within the walls of the Union that were the Chinese.

In striking contrast to your treatment of a public man is that of SATURDAY NIGHT. With him, without personal knowledge or any effort to be correct, he prostitutes the freedom of the press into a license to heap on you cowardly abuse, and to iterate gratuitous insinuations. After such a tirade from this distinguished leader of society, an unprejudiced public will rightly estimate his closing admission. "Of course it is possible that Dr. Parker may have been misinformed. I hope he was."

The one redeeming feature in these morbid strictures is the pertinent eulogy pronounced upon the Irish. This is a sentiment with which I heartily sympathize, and as those who know can affirm, I have always announced myself, and such I, a Canadian of Irish parentage, shall always be proud to maintain.

Toronto, June 29.

W. R. PARKER.

If reminded you last week of the bad taste of answering in one journal what appeared in another, and pointed out that it was not consistent with journalistic etiquette or common justice, to say nothing of Christian charity, which should have suggested that the rebuke be first to the offending brother before that section of the world which may not have heard of what you considered offensive, should be appealed to. It is unnecessary to reproduce the letters which appeared last week, but with your permission I give the two letters which I received in reply to my request that you should state wherein you were misrepresented, and that you should tell me, if you did not say what I alleged you said, really what you did say. I contend that your second letter practically admits the whole case. There may be a difference of terms, but the substance, the intention of your remarks, are identical with what I alleged you said. Following are the letters:

[PRIVATE.]

238 HURON STREET, TORONTO, July 3, '89.

DEAR SIR,—Your duly received, and in reply, I beg to say I have been a constant reader of SATURDAY NIGHT since you commenced its publication; and, while I could not always endorse all your views, yet I have admired the freshness, felicity and—in the main—the fairness which

have characterized your articles. I was, therefore, the more surprised when I found your shaft turned on me, in a style exceptional, and rather envied.

Hence, while it may appear to you that, in accordance with "good taste," my reply should have appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT, my good sense admonished me not to expose myself to the editor's "last word," especially as his first ones were so ungracious.

Whatever I said, on the Sunday night named, was touching class conduct, which is historical, and my sentiments could not truthfully be construed into the invidious comparison of the Irish people, which was your presumption-judging from the trend of your strictures.

Had you asked me for my statements, their connection and purposes, or, "as nearly as possible the words used," before subjecting me to criticism, I would certainly have met your wishes. Now, however, without intending you the slightest discourtesy, I must decline.

Respectfully yours,

W. R. PARKER.

238 HURON ST., TORONTO, July 5, '89.

DEAR SIR,—You are at liberty to publish my note marked "private" if you wish.

You say: "I feel that I have not been fairly treated in this matter." Really, it seems strange to me that your concern seems all for your own reputation and claims. Do you think you have treated me fairly or did you think I was fair game for abuse, which I would submit to without protest? You saw fit to grieve me, in your widely-circulated paper, as lacking in "Christian tolerance"; as ignorant of the history of human nature and the first principles of religion"; as wanting in the chivalry, which eschews odious comparisons"; and as guilty of a certain exclusiveness which led me to perpetrate "such outrageous attacks as that made at Broadway Tabernacle on Sunday night."

I have told you that I said nothing warranting such assertions; and yet, though you made your attack on me upon mere rumor or report, you cannot withdraw anything unless I recall and repeat my specific statements or their substance. I am willing notwithstanding, as an act of grace, and without conceding that you have any legal or moral claim to information you should have had before you gave publication expression to your opinion in the matter, to give you substantially what I said.

I spoke of the risk and peril of building up a nation largely out of the heterogeneous elements gathered from foreign countries, leavened—as they often are—with the combustible material of their social, religious, or political sentiments or grievances. I instance the United States as now compelled to face a grave problem because of the dominating place held by Irish Roman Catholics in many sections of the Republic—notably in New York, and, add, Chicago; and because they were credited with using their vantage ground to secure grants of public money for ecclesiastical purposes, and to aim at the crippling or destruction of the American system of national education.

I said that it was passing strange that the nation that had counted such ingredients should so systematically and persistently resort to the most effectual methods of keeping out the Chinaman, who was so proverbially inefficient in public affairs, as well as so industrious and economical.

If you see fit to publish this communication in its entirety I have no objection to offer.

Yours truly,

W. R. PARKER.

Now I will take the privilege of reminding you of the article in the *World* from which I received my information, and which appeared in that paper on June 25. Upon its face the article referred to purports to have been written by a reporter from the *World* after an interview with you. I find upon enquiry that it was so written upon such information as you gave him, and I presume it is that reporter to whom you refer to in your letter to the *Globe* where you say

—Yet your reporter heard on the streets of some statements credited to me uttered last Sabbath night in the Broadway Tabernacle, but had the courtesy and consideration to interview me in the matter, as had the representative of another leading city daily.

Is not the "leading city daily" from which I obtained my information the paper to which you refer in the second instance? And yet you repudiated it as false, and have stigmatized me as having "prostituted the freedom of the press," when I repeated the sentence which is italicized in the *World's* report. Now read over the report published in the *World* after the reporter interviewed you and see if you have not attacked me in an unfair and unwarrentable manner.

Irishmen v. Chinamen.—Rev. Dr. Parker says the latter are not so dangerous to the State as the former.

There was considerable talk on the streets yesterday over an allusion made by Rev. Dr. Parker in his sermon at the Broadway Tabernacle on Sunday.

This was the first Sunday the doctor occupied the pulpit as pastor of the church and he was comparing the growth of the church to the growth of cities and countries. There were two elements that contributed to growth of a city or country—the natural increase and emigration. As the city of Toronto drew population largely from the hamlets, villages and towns of the province, so would the Tabernacle congregation be augmented by people from different parts of the city. But it was highly essential that the congregation should be united even though composed of people from different quarters.

It was a grand thing for any country to have emigration, but that emigration should go to complete fusion with the native population to form a strong nation. The United States was drawing its tens of thousands from the four quarters of the earth. But the incoming hosts were not fusing with the native people but were becoming discordant and dangerous elements.

The Irish Roman Catholics practically controlled New York and there was grave apprehension of trouble coming out of it. They were gaining supremacy in all branches of civic government and were now working for control of the city funds for the purpose of furthering the interests of their separate schools.

These Irish, who had openly created trouble and refused to be identified with the national population, had been hitherto welcomed, while Chinamen were despised from entering at the Union's gates. The Chinaman was simple, hardworking and industrious, and made no pretence at raising up a nation within the walls of the Union that were the Chinese.

In striking contrast to your treatment of a public man is that of SATURDAY NIGHT. With him, without personal knowledge or any effort to be correct, he prostitutes the freedom of the press into a license to heap on you cowardly abuse, and to iterate gratuitous insinuations. After such a tirade from this distinguished leader of society, an unprejudiced public will rightly estimate his closing admission.

"Of course it is possible that Dr. Parker may have been misinformed. I hope he was."

The one redeeming feature in these morbid strictures is the pertinent eulogy pronounced upon the Irish. This is a sentiment with which I heartily sympathize, and as those who know can affirm, I have always announced myself, and such I, a Canadian of Irish parentage, shall always be proud to maintain.

Toronto, June 29.

W. R. PARKER.

If reminded you last week of the bad taste of

answering in one journal what appeared in another, and pointed out that it was not consistent with journalistic etiquette or common

justice, to say nothing of Christian charity, which should have suggested that the rebuke be first to the offending brother before that

section of the world which may not have heard of

what you considered offensive, should be appealed to.

It is unnecessary to reproduce the letters which ap-

peared in the *World* last week, but with your permission I give the two letters which I received in reply to my request that you should state wherein you were misrep-

resented, and that you should tell me, if you did not say what I alleged you said, really what you did say. I contend that your second letter practically admits the whole case. There may be a difference of terms, but the substance, the intention of your remarks, are identical with what I alleged you said. Following are the letters:

[PRIVATE.]

238 HURON STREET, TORONTO, July 3, '89.

DEAR SIR,—Your duly received, and in reply, I beg to say I have been a constant reader of SATURDAY NIGHT since you commenced its publication; and, while I could not always endorse all your views, yet I have admired the freshness, felicity and—in the main—the fairness which

have characterized your articles. I was, therefore, the more surprised when I found your shaft turned on me, in a style exceptional, and rather envied.

Hence, while it may appear to you that, in accordance with "good taste," my reply should have appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT, my good sense admonished me not to expose myself to the editor's "last word," especially as his first ones were so ungracious.

Whatever I said, on the Sunday night named, was touching class conduct, which is historical, and my sentiments could not truthfully be construed into the invidious comparison of the Irish people, which was your presumption-judging from the trend of your strictures.

Had you asked me for my statements, their connec-

tion and purposes, or, "as nearly as possible the words used," before subjecting me to criticism, I would certainly have met your wishes. Now, however, without intending you the slightest discourtesy, I must decline.

Respectfully yours,

W. R. PARKER.

238 HURON ST., TORONTO, July 5, '89.

DEAR SIR,—You are at liberty to publish my note marked "private" if you wish.

You say: "I feel that I have not been fairly treated in this matter." Really, it seems strange to me that your concern seems all for your own reputation and claims. Do you think you have treated me fairly or did you think I was fair game for abuse, which I would submit to without protest?

You saw fit to grieve me, in your widely-circulated paper, as lacking in "Christian tolerance"; as ignorant of the history of human nature and the first principles of religion"; as wanting in the chivalry, which eschews odious comparisons"; and as guilty of a certain exclusiveness which led me to perpetrate "such outrageous attacks as that made at Broadway Tabernacle on Sunday night."

I have told you that I said nothing warranting such assertions; and yet, though you made your attack on me upon mere rumor or report, you cannot withdraw anything unless I recall and repeat my specific statements or their substance.

I am willing notwithstanding, as an act of grace, and without conceding that you have any legal or moral claim to information you should have had before you gave publication expression to your opinion in the matter, to give you substantially what I said.

I spoke of the risk and peril of building up a nation

largely out of the heterogeneous elements gathered from

foreign countries, leavened—as they often are—with the

combustible material of their social, religious, or political

sentiments or grievances. I instance the United States

as now compelled to face a grave problem because of

the dominating place held by Irish Roman Catholics

in many sections of the Republic—notably in New York, and, add, Chicago;

and because they were credited with using

their vantage ground to secure grants of public money for

ecclesiastical purposes, and to aim at the

crippling or destruction of the American system of national

education.

I said that it was passing strange that the nation

that had counted such ingredients should so systematically and

persistently resort to the most effectual methods of keeping

out the Chinaman, who was so proverbially inefficient in

public affairs, as well as so industrious and

economical.

I spoke of the risk and peril of building up a nation

largely out of the heterogeneous elements gathered from

foreign countries, leavened—as they often are—with the

combustible material of their social, religious, or political

sentiments or grievances. I instance the United States

as now compelled to face a grave problem because of

the dominating place held by Irish Roman Catholics

in many sections of the Republic—notably in New York, and, add, Chicago;

and because they were credited with using

His First Visit to the Derby.

Though I have spent sixteen years in England, writes Max O'Rell in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, I had never seen the Derby until today. Can there be in the whole world such a dirty, hooting, swearing, brazen-throated, foul-mouthed crowd to be seen? And I am told that things are very improved, and he seems to be witness to-day no match for the Derbys of Auld Lang Syne! And what a road! From Westminster we drove over a route strewn thick with bills, paper debris, advertisements of fuses, advertisements of the gospel tent to be found on the course, with orange peelings, cocoanut shells, empty bottles.

The only redeeming feature in the whole thing seemed to me the treatment of horses, the care with which they were driven, and at intervals, along the road down, watered and refreshed. The poor horses man furiously driving and whipping a poor horse which had unfortunately got into his company, quite set up by an indignant crowd that looked likely to make a very good amateur R. S. P. A. The working man is no doubt better aware than any one who talks to him of humanity to his horse, that it pays to treat the animal well. Looking at the way in which he is often found treating his wife, the extra gentleness extended to Dobbin may arise from shrewdness. Or is it something else? "A fellow-feeling makes us wonderin' kind." In the carts, cars, shan-dryards that passed on the road, there were three distinct types of faces the bald, the fishy, and the sheep. What an unlovely company occupying each cart, with its layer or two of men in front, and all the women (the females, I should rather say) stowed away behind in true British fashion.

Where there was an apparent absence of any linen on the persons of the men, there was an extra display of ostrich feathers on the wonderful hats of the women. As the various vehicles discharged their cargoes, some truly amazing toilettes had been blushing comparatively unseen; and the horses were now joined in the general jarrin and stampin. One, noted carefully in detail, will give an idea of many, though I doubt if it could have been outshone on the whole course. Dress of sapphie blue silk, covered to the waist with beaded frills; a gigantic hat of crimson velvet surrounded by a wide band of gold lace, and further adorned with a long and broad encircling plume of a dazzling apple-green hue. The finishing touch was put to this attire by a train of black lace, which started from the waist and trailed a long yard behind its wearer.

Just after crossing the creek in the career of the John, who had evidently took his hand for lashes, his horse, I stumbled upon a female fight. Two enraged creatures, with fine feathers and foul tongues, were in the thick of a quarrel which they evidently intended to settle on the spot. No interference here. On the contrary, hearty encouraging cries from the male by standers of "Go it, old gal, I'll old yer at," and other evidences of the absence of any intention to spoil sport.

The main business of the day on the Downs is evidently eating, drinking, and getting photographed. I will venture to doubt whether a half of the people who flock to Epsom on Derby day see a horse race. However there was no come in plenty. Is it not an inevitable accompaniment of every British holiday-making in which the masses take part? On the whole, however, it must be admitted that it was a good-tempered crowd, rough and rowdy, but not riotous; ridiculous and dirty, but with here and there a diverting touch, such as the impromptu foot-bath of an individual who removed the dust from his boots by calmly swilling a pail of water over them. To fun pure and simple the nearest approach seemed to be the wearing of a big bonnet by a man.

How the cockney loves a holiday, and how he will toll at taking it! It would be hard to say wherein the pleasure of the Derby lay for the six fellows whom I noted going down with a hand cart. I say with, for only four of them were upon it, No. 5 was in the shafts, and No. 6 pushed behind. Where they had joined the stream I cannot of course say, but when we passed them they were on the Epsom side of Tooting, and with baskets on board were clearly enough bound for the course, if not for the grand stand. To one who goes to mingle in the crowd and not to look off from the grand stand, the atmosphere is not pleasant, though aiful one. I returned home feeling that if horse racing was instituted for the improvement of the equine race, it has certainly not conducted much to the improvement of the human one.

Why Bill Didn't Go Up in a Balloon.
There was to be a balloon ascension in a Connecticut town, and the Professor had offered to let any one accompany him on his trip to the clouds who had the nerve to go. A young farmer about 20 years old stepped forward as a candidate, but while the crowd was cheering him a voice called out:

"Hey, Bill! I want to speak to you a minute."

It was his father, and leading him to the outskirts of the crowd he halted and asked:

"Bill, d'ye know what ye ar' doin'?"

"I'm goin' up in that balloon, dad."

"Expect to get down alive?"

"I deu."

"Wall, ye never will!"

"Why?"

"When you left home this mornin' you had sixty cents in cash. I wanted ye to leave it home, but you wouldn't."

"I've got it yit, dad, a-lackin' three cents gone fur peanuts."

"Yes, I posse so, and that Purfessor knows it. That's why he's encouragin' you to go. When you git up thar' among the clouds he's goin' to rob ye."

"Shoo! dad! I'd have him took up when I got down."

"Not much. Bill. Arter he robs ye he'll throw ye overboard, and us who ar' lookin' up will see ye come sailin' down like an old gander skinnin' over a hose pond. Yell strike somethin' in Sheppard's pasture lot, and ye'll go into the sile about eighteen feet afore ye goin' up."

"Hon! Injun, dad!"

"Bill, did I ever lie to ye? I may be able to fish up one o' yer shank bones to take home, and when I hand it to mother and tell her that's all that's left of William Ackford Moses Schermerhorn, what's she goin' to say and how she's goin' to feel?"

"I would, Bill—sartinly would. I know it would be sunthin' to brag of if ye got down alive, but ye never would."

"If I back water kin I spend them fifty-seven cents!"

"Wall, mostly, but not quite all. S'posen ye buy a cokernt and a cigar, and I'll kinder help eat and smoke as we jog along home, and save the rest for a rainy day. Times is goin' to be awfully hard this fall, Bill."

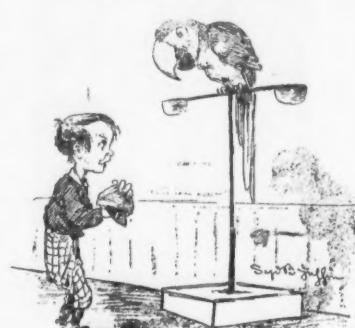
"Yes, I guess. Wall, I'm a god, and you just don't worry no more. You kin go back and watch the balloon, and I'll kinder aige around to rids a grocery. I've bin tastin' cokernt fur the last five minits."—N. Y. Sun.

She Dared to be Original.

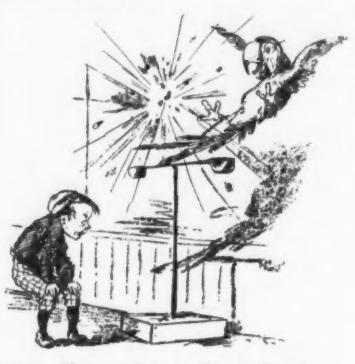
Now comes a girl who is plump enough to be well rounded without a suggestion of corpulence, slender enough to be graceful without unconsciousness, and modest enough to be charming without affectation, and with a touch of originality about her costume that makes her still more interesting. It is not in the headress, a blue and white handkerchief tastefully arranged from under which a heavy pair of golden hair falls below the waist and rests in a curly tangle in the air, and which like many others, a blue jersey cloth with a scroll pattern in white braid on collar and wrists, belt and skirt, but she has remembered how pretty a white hand looks in a dark mitt, and applying the knowledge in another direction

has cut away part of the foot of the stocking, exposing the daintiest, whitest toes, with pink tintings as beautiful as a baby's. Not one in twenty could have done it; for an unsightly corn or other blemish would have been fatal to the effect, but there is nothing of the kind here. Her escort joins her in case a sly glance should begin to tell. Her eyes do not once fail to be fleet; it is not necessary for he has made an exhaustive study thereof in private. Coloring slightly she laughs up at him and says: "You said I neither knew how nor would dare to be original. What now?" His answer is not audible, but they pass on smilingly. In another minute they brace themselves to meet a breaker, and mademoiselle sees the toes disappears to make her bow to the little fishes and her sister sea nymphs.

What's In a Name.



Jimmy—Polly want a cracker?
Polly—Bet yer life! Is it a cream wafer or an oyster cracker?



Jimmy—Naw; a fire cracker!—Puck.

Funny Fact and Fiction.

Mr. Blawbah—Yaws, I've—aw seen aw good many tigwaws while in thaw Indies, yaw know.

Mrs. Clawbah—So have I.
Mr. Blawbah—Might I—aw askew Wheaw?
Miss Clawbah—On coaches at the races.

"Abner, how many feet make one road?"

"Make one rude, my dear! One foot may sometimes make one civil."

On board Chauncy Gotham's yacht.

Miss Boston—I do think this is just a motherly zephyr.

Chauncy Gotham—I beg pardon, I don't believe I quite catch your meaning, Miss Boston.

Miss Manhattan—You aren't on to the Hub veraculat at all; she means a spanking breeze.

The widow is less selfish than the maiden, for while the latter is always looking out for No. 1, she is satisfied in watching for No. 2.

First Tramp—Did the barkeep chuck you out for eating up all the free lunch?

Second Tramp—Naw. All de plates wuz scraped clean, an' he thought I wuz tryin' ter be fresh by axin' him for a toothpick.

Pastor (preaching a funeral sermon). The fate of the unfortunate woman whose mortal remains lie before me should be a warning to all fashionable young ladies. She died from the baneful effects of hair dye.

Scott Act County Citizen (who happened to be in the congregation, shaking his head solemnly)—That's so. It's always best to look at the label before drinking.

Jiggs—This execution by electricity scheme will be a great thing for the moral welfare of the hangman.

Figgs—How so?

Jiggs—Why, they'll never touch another drop.

Mrs. Cobwigger—How rebellious young children are, to be sure.

Cobwigger—You must remember, my dear, that is the time when they are up in arms.

Frenchman (proudly)—You have not in ze German empire anything so tall as ze great Eiffel Tower.

German (indignantly)—No, und you'sn't got noddings so stout like Limburger cheese!

Tom—Hello, Tagg. What's that sign on your front door for, No Admittance Except on Business?

Tagg—There have been so many young men calling on my daughters, and their visits have been so fruitless that I have adopted this means to reduce the surplus.

Born in Halifax—Westerner—There's a rising man!

Tenderfoot—Come from the yeast?

Baby Bessie (on a Pullman car)—Didn't you call this a sleeper, mamma?

Mamma—Yes dear.

Baby Bessie—I think you must have made a mistake and got on the waker. I can't get asleep.

She (referring to a lady who is leading a dog)—That little dog doesn't seem to know where it is going.

He—No wonder. The poor little thing is being led.

Verdant—What makes the editor of the funny column always so cross.

Berdant—Because he's always out of humor.

Mrs. Tipple (to doctor after he has examined the insensible form of Mr. Tipple)—What is it, doctor? Cattleyosis?

Physical—No; a case of Grand Scrofula.

"And you do really love me, Charlie?"

"Love, Madge! With all my heart and soul."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say so, but—"

"But, what! Surely you cannot have any doubt of the sincerity of my affection?"

"Not exactly. Still—"

"Well, I thought if you had loved me you would have a—that is to say—I think—I thought, you know, you would have kissed me before this—that is—"

"Upon my soul, Madge, knowing you were a girl graduate I didn't dare to, but here goes now, you bet—"

Let the curtain fall.

A Child's Remedy for a Mother's Grief.

Not many days ago a gentlewoman had taken affectionately led her little girl to a doctor for the mouth of trill abroad. The child, a lovely little girl of two and a half years, stood by a chair with her thumb in her mouth—a favorite pastime, and to her, a panacea for all her ills. She watched her mother for a few moments, saw the tears filling the lovely eyes and dropping one by one from her cheeks,

then went to her side, and with a comforting look pityingly up to her face, said: "Mamma, suck oo fun!" As if nothing could so much comfort her.

Eager For Absorption.

Citizen (to tramp)—Poor fellow! You look as if you had been in the soup.

Tramp (half famished)—For heaven's sake, tell me on which side to open my mouth.

Lawn Tennis.

In the spring of 1875, a young lady returning from a winter trip to Bermuda, brought home the first lawn tennis outfit that had been brought into the United States. From that small beginning sprang lawn tennis clubs without number in a very short time. Whenever ladies and gentlemen meet in friendly contest on the field of outdoor sport, dress becomes a very important and interesting branch of the game. In its physical and inventive age, it was but natural that a bright and graceful sport like lawn tennis should attract to itself a correspondingly bright and graceful costume. The style of garments worn are for coat a single breasted sack made without lining, and the trousers sufficiently loose to afford free and easy motion, and yet not so ample as to appear baggy. They should be supported by a silk belt or sash—never with suspenders. The class of goods most fashionably worn is the plain cream or white serge, and sometimes with a little color, a stock of which I have just imported especially for this season. Remember the fashionable West End Tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

Atmospheric.

In Thomas' European restaurant and English chop-house, Keach & Co., have inaugurated a table d'hôte dinner from 12 to 3 o'clock. As everyone knows the bill of fare offered at the Chop-house is not excelled in this country, and the price of the dinner is only 40c, or six tickets for \$2. As this is the only table d'hôte dinner given at any of the first-class restaurants, and the price has been placed so low there is no doubt of its success.

BARGAINS FOR EVERYBODY

The bankrupt stock of F. Qua & Co., 49 King Street West, consisting of T. Y. Games, Books, Fancy Goods, etc., has been removed to

Rosenbaum's Bazaar, 159 King St. East

and will be disposed of at great reductions. Camp Beds, Tennis, Racquets, Balls, Nets and Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Fishing Tackle, etc., in great variety.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

DENTIST

Cor. Yonge and Edward Streets

THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE

For Manufacturing New Designs in Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches

77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King

A. E. FAWCETT

Successor to C. Shepard

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST

67 King Street West

Physicians' prescriptions and family recipes accurately compounded.

FRENCH CLEANING

Evening Dresses, Opera Cloaks, Kid Boots, Slippers, etc., beaut fully cleaned at the only strictly first-class house in the city.

STOCKWELL, HENDERSON & BLAKE

103 King Street West

Goods sent for and delivered. Telephone 1258.

THE PARMELEEE ROOFING AND PAVING CO.

GRAVEL ROOFING

For Cellular Bostons, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc., etc.

Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.

10 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

BEEF IRON AND COCA WINE

FOR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION

Has all the well-known properties of Beef, Iron and Wine, with the stimulating effects of Coca. It increases the vigor of the intellect, nerves and muscles; and, especially, the action of food, produces healthy sleep, and is followed by any evil effects. Unparalleled in cases of sudden exhaustion.

ADULT DOS.—One tablespoonful between meals, or

THE DAY WILL COME.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—CONTINUED.

The cob was all the fresher for the impatience which he now suffered in standing for nearly an hour in the lane, and he bowed the dogcart along the level roads at a tremendous pace. Theodore arrived at the Priory before eleven, and found Juanita sitting on the lawn with her baby in her lap, and Sultan at her side. His heart leapt with gladness at the sight of her sitting there, safe and happy, in the morning sunshine, for his morbid imagination had been at work as he drove along, and he had been haunted by hideous visions of some swift and bloody act which might have been done by the fugitive murderer before he could reach the door. What deed might not be done by a woman in the state of mind which that woman must have been in when she left the evidence of her crime and the admission of her crime upon the table and fled out of her house in the morning? A silent thanksgiving went up from his heart to his God, as he saw Juanita sitting in the sunshine, smiling at him, holding out her hand to him in surprised welcome. She was safe, and it was his business to guard her against that deadly enemy. He knew now whence the danger was to come—whence the nameless enemy, an inscrutable peril from which he had to defend her.

"How early you are, Theodore. Everybody is well? I hope—there is nothing wrong at home?"

"No, everyone is well. Your father is going to London for a few days, and your mother is coming to stay with you during his absence, and I come to throw myself on your hospitality while she is here. His lordship has heard of some suspicious character of yours, and he has told me that he has taken it into his head that it will be well for you to have me as your guest until your brothers-in-law come to you for the shooting. I hope you won't mind having me."

"Mind, no, I am delighted to have you, and my mother, too. I was beginning to feel rather lonely, and had half decided on carrying baby off to Swanage. Isn't he a fortunate boy to have two doting grandmothers?" She checked herself with a sudden sigh, remembering in what respect the richly-dowered infant was so much poorer than other babies. "Yes, darling, she murmured, looking over the sleeping face amidst its lace and ribbons as it nestled against her arm. "Yes, there is plenty of love for you upon earth, my fatherless one, and, who knows, perhaps his love watching over you in heaven."

After this maternal interlude she remembered the obligations of hospitality.

"Have you breakfasted, Theo. You must have left Cheriton so early."

Theodore did not tell her how early, but he confessed to having only taken a cup of tea.

"Then I will order some breakfast out here for you. It is such a perfect morning. Baby and I will stay with you while you take your breakfast."

She called the nurse, who was close by, and gave her orders, and presently the gipsy table was brought out, and a cosy breakfast was arranged upon the shining damask, and Theodore was having his coffee poured out for him by the loveliest hands he had ever seen, while the nurse paraded up and down the lawn with the newly awakened baby.

"I cannot understand my father taking an alarm at the sight of Juanita," said presently, after a thoughtful silence. "It is so unlike him. If any harm could come to me from tramps and gypsies, or even professional burglars with half a dozen men-servants in the house, and all my valuable jewels safe at the bank, Theo, does it mean anything?" she asked suddenly. "Does it mean that my father has found out something about the murder?"

He was silent, painfully embarrassed by this home question. To answer it would be to break faith with Lord Cheriton; to refuse to answer it was in some manner to break his promise to Juanita.

"I must ask you to let me leave that question unanswered for a few days, Juanita," he said. "Whatever discovery has been made it is your father's discovery, and not mine. His lips alone can tell it to you."

"You know who murdered my husband?"

"No, Juanita, I know nothing. The light we are following may be a false one."

He remembered how many lying confessions of crime had been made by lunacy since the history of crime began—how poor distraught creatures who could have given themselves up had taken up themselves the burden of notorious assassinations, and had put the police to the trouble of proving them self accusing perjurers. Might not Mrs. Porter be such an one as these?

"Ah! but you are following some new light—you are on the track of his murderer!"

"I think we are. But you must be patient, Juanita. You must wait till your father may choose to speak. The business is out of my hands now, and has passed into his."

"And he is going to London to-day, you say?"

"I have told you already, Juanita. I entreat you not to ask me no more."

She gave an impatient sigh, and turned from her cousin to the dog, as if he were the more interesting companion of the two.

"Oh, poor thing! It is terrible to think of it. And you do not even know where she is gone!"

"She told the servant she was going to London. God knows whether that is true or false. She took no luggage, not even a hand-bag."

"She may have gone to her daughter."

"To Mercy? Yes, that is an idea. It never occurred to me. She has been so cold and hard about her daughter in all these years—and yet it might be so. She might have relented at last."

A servant announced the carriage. His Lordship's portmanteau had been got in, and was ready.

"Good-bye, Maria. I have no time to lose, as I have to make time to make and telegrams to despatch at the station."

"You will stay in Victoria street, of course?"

"Yes. I shall telegraph to Mrs. Hegby. I am taking Wilson; I shall be very well taken care of, sure, dearest."

He kissed her and hurried away. He sighed as he left that atmosphere of perfect peace—sighed again as he thought of the business that lay before him. He had to find her—this murderer—he had to prove that she was mad—if not possessed of a devil, her way was to get into some secret, secure from the hazard of discovery—a hard and bitter task for the man who had once loved her, and whose love had been her destruction.

He made his inquiries of the stationmaster. Yes, Mrs. Porter had left by the early train. She had taken a second-class ticket for Waterloo.

Lord Cheriton telephoned to Miss Marian Gray, at 69 Hercules Buildings, Lambeth.

"If your mother is with you when you receive this, I beg you to detain her till I come."

His wife's suggestion seemed to him like inspiration. Where else could that desolate woman seek for a shelter but under the roof which sheltered her only child? She was utterly friendless in London and elsewhere—unless, indeed, her old governess, Sarah Newton, could be counted as a friend.

"Very proud; but it is a noble pride—the pride that keeps a man straight in all his doings—the pride that prefers bread and cheese in a garret to turtle and venison at a parvenu's table. He is a splendid fellow, Nita, and I am proud of his friendship."

"Is he very busy, that he should be so determined to leave Dorchester?"

"Yes, he is full of work always. I thought he might have been content to take two or three weeks' quiet reading on our return to town, but he wanted to get back to the hospital. He will come back for a day or two when the whim seizes him. He has always been erratic in his pleasures, but steady as a rock in his work."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"The heaviness and guilt within my bosom Takes off my manhood."

Lord Cheriton put the pistol case under his arm and left the cottage. The case was covered by his loose summer overcoat, and anybody meeting him in the park might have supposed that he was carrying a book, or might have failed to observe that he was carrying anything whatever. As it happened he met nobody between the west gate and the house. He went in at the open window of the library,

locked the pistol case in one of the capacious drawers of the large writing table—drawers which contained many of his most important documents, and which were provided with Chubb's most inviolable locks.

When this was done he went to his wife's morning room, where she was generally to be found at this hour, her light breakfast finished, and her newspaper reading or letter writing begun.

"Where have you been so early, James?" she asked, looking up at him with an affectionate smile. "I was surprised to hear you had gone out before breakfast."

He looked at her in silence for a few moments lost in thought. The beautiful and gracious face turned towards him in gentle inquiry had never frowned upon him in all their years of wedded life. Never had that tranquil affection failed him. There had been no dramatic passion in their love, no fierce alternations of despair and bliss, no doubts, no fears. Mrs. Darcy's wife had given herself to him in implicit trustfulness, fond of him, and proud of him, believing in him with a faith second only to her faith in God. For three-and-twenty years of cloudless wedded life she had made his days happy. Never in all those years had she given him reason for one hour of doubt or trouble. She had been his loving and loyal helpmate, sharing his hopes and his ambitions, caring for the people he cared for, respecting even his prejudices, shaping her life in all things to please him.

Great Heaven! that a contrast with that other woman, whose fiery and exacting love had made his life subordinate to hers—whose jealousy had claimed the total surrender of all other ties, of all other pleasures, had cut him off from all the advantages of society, had deprived him of the power to make friends among his fellow-men, had kept him as her bond slave, accepting nothing less than a complete isolation from all that men hold best in life.

He looked at his wife's calm beauty—where scarce a line upon the ivory white forehead marked the progress of years—the soft gaze like eyes lifted so weekly to meet his own—and compared this placid face with that other face, handsome too after its fashion—long, thin, the blood of life having gone out of it, never feature than the traces of a woman in whose character there were none of the elements of domestic happiness—or in the face of a Strangway, the daughter of a perverse and unhappy race, from whose line of life or happiness and well doing had arisen within the memory of man.

"My dear Maria, I was wrong in not leaving a message. I was sent for to Mrs. Porter's college. She has gone away in rather a mysterious manner."

"Gone away?"

"Yes, that in itself is rather astonishing, you know—but there was something so strange and abrupt in her manner of leaving that I feel it my duty to look after her. I shall go up to town by the mid-day train. I have other business which may keep me in London for a few days, till the shooting begins, perhaps. I have sent Theodore to the Priory to tell Juanita that you are going to her this afternoon, and that you will stay with her till I come back."

"That is disposing of me rather as if I were a chattel," said his wife, smiling.

"I knew you would be glad of a few days' quiet baby-worship at the Priory, and I have arranged for the baby to be with you without any visitors."

"Then I will order some breakfast out here for you. It is such a perfect morning. Baby and I will stay with you while you take your breakfast."

She called the nurse, who was close by, and gave her orders, and presently the gipsy table was brought out, and a cosy breakfast was arranged upon the shining damask, and Theodore was having his coffee poured out for him by the loveliest hands he had ever seen, while the nurse paraded up and down the lawn with the newly awakened baby.

"I cannot understand my father taking an alarm at the sight of Juanita," said presently, after a thoughtful silence. "It is so unlike him. If any harm could come to me from tramps and gypsies, or even professional burglars with half a dozen men-servants in the house, and all my valuable jewels safe at the bank, Theo, does it mean anything?" she asked suddenly. "Does it mean that my father has found out something about the murder?"

He was silent, painfully embarrassed by this home question. To answer it would be to break faith with Lord Cheriton; to refuse to answer it was in some manner to break his promise to Juanita.

"I must ask you to let me leave that question unanswered for a few days, Juanita," he said. "Whatever discovery has been made it is your father's discovery, and not mine. His lips alone can tell it to you."

"You know who murdered my husband?"

"No, Juanita, I know nothing. The light we are following may be a false one."

He remembered how many lying confessions of crime had been made by lunacy since the history of crime began—how poor distraught creatures who could have given themselves up had taken up themselves the burden of notorious assassinations, and had put the police to the trouble of proving them self accusing perjurers. Might not Mrs. Porter be such an one as these?

"Ah! but you are following some new light—you are on the track of his murderer!"

"I think we are. But you must be patient, Juanita. You must wait till your father may choose to speak. The business is out of my hands now, and has passed into his."

"And he is going to London to-day, you say?"

"I have told you already, Juanita. I entreat you not to ask me no more."

She gave an impatient sigh, and turned from her cousin to the dog, as if he were the more interesting companion of the two.

"Oh, poor thing! It is terrible to think of it. And you do not even know where she is gone!"

"She told the servant she was going to London. God knows whether that is true or false. She took no luggage, not even a hand-bag."

"She may have gone to her daughter."

"To Mercy? Yes, that is an idea. It never occurred to me. She has been so cold and hard about her daughter in all these years—and yet it might be so. She might have relented at last."

A servant announced the carriage. His Lordship's portmanteau had been got in, and was ready.

"Good-bye, Maria. I have no time to lose, as I have to make time to make and telegrams to despatch at the station."

"You will stay in Victoria street, of course?"

"Yes. I shall telegraph to Mrs. Hegby. I am taking Wilson; I shall be very well taken care of, sure, dearest."

He kissed her and hurried away. He sighed as he left that atmosphere of perfect peace—sighed again as he thought of the business that lay before him. He had to find her—this murderer—he had to prove that she was mad—if not possessed of a devil, her way was to get into some secret, secure from the hazard of discovery—a hard and bitter task for the man who had once loved her, and whose love had been her destruction.

He made his inquiries of the stationmaster. Yes, Mrs. Porter had left by the early train. She had taken a second-class ticket for Waterloo.

Lord Cheriton telephoned to Miss Marian Gray, at 69 Hercules Buildings, Lambeth.

"If your mother is with you when you receive this, I beg you to detain her till I come."

His wife's suggestion seemed to him like inspiration. Where else could that desolate woman seek for a shelter but under the roof which sheltered her only child? She was utterly friendless in London and elsewhere—unless, indeed, her old governess, Sarah Newton, could be counted as a friend.

"Is he very busy, that he should be so determined to leave Dorchester?"

"Yes, he is full of work always. I thought he might have been content to take two or three weeks' quiet reading on our return to town, but he wanted to get back to the hospital. He will come back for a day or two when the whim seizes him. He has always been erratic in his pleasures, but steady as a rock in his work."

Lord Cheriton put the pistol case under his arm and left the cottage. The case was covered by his loose summer overcoat, and anybody meeting him in the park might have supposed that he was carrying a book, or might have failed to observe that he was carrying anything whatever. As it happened he met nobody between the west gate and the house. He went in at the open window of the library,

had ample leisure for thought during that three hours' journey, leisure to live over again that life of long ago which had been brought so vividly back to his memory by the events of today. He had made it his business to forget that past life, so far as forgetfulness was possible, with that living reminder for ever at his gate. Habit had even reconciled him to the presence of Mrs. Porter at the west gate. Her sunburnt face had faded into her contentment. Never by so much as one imprudent word, or one sanguine look, had she aroused his wife's doubts as to her past relations with her employer. She had been accepted by all the little world of Cheriton, she had behaved in the most exemplary manner; and although he had never driven in at the west gate, and seen her standing there in her attitude of stern humility, without a pang of remorse and a stinging sense of shame, yet that sharp moment of pain being past, he was able to submit to her existence as though he had known it from the first. And now as he knew that the quiet calm of her face, as he had looked up at him in the clear light, under the branching beeches, had been only the mask of hidden fire—that through all those years in which she had seemed the image of quiet resignation, of submission to a mournful fate, she had been gearing up her vengeance to wreak it upon the offender in his most unguarded hour, piercing the breast of the father through the innocent heart of the child. He knew now that hatred had been for ever at the root, the deeper pride and contempt of his master had been born in him, and had been implanted in him in gentle inquiry had never frownd upon him in all their years in which she had been his wife. He had been patient and faithful and unselfish in his devotion for more than a decade. He would have gone on waiting perhaps had there been a ray of hope: but Tom Darcy had shown a malignant persistency in keeping alive, and even were Tom Darcy dead how bitter a thing it would be for the fashionable Queen's Counsel to enter society with a wife of damaged character. In the old days of hopelessness and fond love they had told him that the main thing was to have a good wife, and that was the common end of such ties. She could not deem herself more unfortunate since her attachment had endured far longer than the common span of illicit loves. He had been patient and faithful and unselfish in his devotion for more than a decade. He would have gone on waiting perhaps had there been a ray of hope: but Tom Darcy had shown a malignant persistency in keeping alive, and even were Tom Darcy dead how bitter a thing it would be for the fashionable Queen's Counsel to enter society with a wife of damaged character. In the old days of hopelessness and fond love they had told him that the main thing was to have a good wife, and that was the common end of such ties. She could not deem herself more unfortunate since her attachment had endured far longer than the common span of illicit loves. He had been patient and faithful and unselfish in his devotion for more than a decade. He would have gone on waiting perhaps had there been a ray of hope: but Tom Darcy had shown a malignant persistency in keeping alive, and even were Tom Darcy dead how bitter a thing it would be for the fashionable Queen's Counsel to enter society with a wife of damaged character. In the old days of hopelessness and fond love they had told him that the main thing was to have a good wife, and that was the common end of such ties. She could not deem herself more unfortunate since her attachment had endured far longer than the common span of illicit loves. He had been patient and faithful and unselfish in his devotion for more than a decade. He would have gone on waiting perhaps had there been a ray of hope: but Tom Darcy had shown a malignant persistency in keeping alive, and even were Tom Darcy dead how bitter a thing it would be for the fashionable Queen's Counsel to enter society with a wife of damaged character. In the old days of hopelessness and fond love they had told him that the main thing was to have a good wife, and that was the common end of such ties. She could not deem herself more unfortunate since her attachment had endured far longer than the common span of illicit loves. He had been patient and faithful and unselfish in his devotion for more than a decade. He would have gone on waiting perhaps had there been a ray of hope: but Tom Darcy had shown a malignant persistency in keeping alive, and even were Tom Darcy dead how bitter a thing it would be for the fashionable Queen's Counsel to enter society with a wife of damaged character. In the old days of hopelessness and fond love they had told him that the main thing was to have a good wife, and that was the common end of such ties. She could not deem herself more unfortunate since her attachment had endured far longer than the common span of illicit loves. He had been patient and faithful and unselfish in his devotion for more than a decade. He would have gone on waiting perhaps had there been a ray of hope: but Tom Darcy had shown a malignant persistency in keeping alive, and even were Tom Darcy dead how bitter a thing it would be for the fashionable Queen's Counsel to enter society with a wife of damaged character. In the old days of hopelessness and fond love they had told him that the main thing was to have a good wife, and that was the common end of such ties. She could not deem herself more unfortunate since her attachment had endured far longer than the common span of illicit loves. He had been patient and faithful and unselfish in his devotion for more than a decade. He would have gone on waiting perhaps had there been a ray of hope: but Tom Darcy had shown a malignant persistency in keeping alive, and even were Tom Darcy dead how bitter a thing it would be for the

In The Way

"Mercy on me! how you startled me! I declare you are always in the way!"

Mrs. Eliza Hannaway had gone to the window in the half-light of an autumn afternoon, merging into evening, and on drawing the heavy curtain, a little figure that had been curled up in the corner of the deep window-seat started up.

"I was reading."

"Reading! Tennyson?—no, Shakespeare! You are always fooling away your time."

Then Alma flashed out:

"You won't let me do anything else with it. I would like to help any of you, but you won't let me."

"I guess not, indeed. We don't want anything spoiled."

Alma, taking up her book, went meekly to her own room.

There were four Misses Hannaway—Eliza, Matilda, Agnes and Alma—but the oldest three looked upon Alma as an intruder, a waif, a burden thrown upon them most unwarrantably.

Their mother was a Haynes, who had doubled their father's income, which she herself had.

They were all handsome women, and notable housewives. Little Alma's mother was nobody.

— girl who stood in a store. After the first Mrs. Hannaway died there was never any deficiency in the housekeeping; the widower's wardrobe was kept in spotless order, and all Ridgewood wondered at the capacity of the three girls.

But, like their mother, they were smart, active, bustling, but without any of the softness that vents itself in caresses and tender words. They loved their father in their own hard fashion, but they had a sort of contempt for his gentleness, his quiet ways, and his tender heart. When he married a man of a blue-eyed, they were furious, and when baby Alma had the audacity to appear, their wrath knew no bounds.

Very soon the little wife drooped under the continual ill-temper and fault finding, and faded away, meekly and uncomplainingly, as she had lived. Then the father took the wee baby into his heart of hearts. For seventeen years the two were inseparable.

A close student, devoted to books, Mr. Hannaway found keen delight in training Alma's quick intellect, and leading her along the dry paths of knowledge made delightful by loving converse and clear explanation.

But a man of moderate fortune, Mr. Hannaway allowed his older children all the privileges of society, and his pleasant country seat was a favorite resort for young people. Suitors came, but went away. There was something about the three handsome, smart girls that did not attract lovers, and when their father died they were all still unmarried.

If they had never loved Alma before, it seemed nothing to their affections to find their father's will left her an equal fourth of his estate. They felt themselves defrauded, her mother, having done nothing to their father's property, but they were too polite to turn the child away, though they made her feel herself an intruder every hour.

Utterly desolate when her father was taken away, Alma turned to her books and her music for comfort, shutting herself in the library for hours, reading or practicing upon the piano that was her last birthday gift from her father.

"I do not care to go into the parlor whenever I want you to play for me, darling," he said, "so we will have a music-box of our own in the library."

And the library was now very own. Every article it contained was left to her in her father's will, and she could feel that here, at least, she had a right to be.

But books and music, after all, will not feed a starving heart, and Alma drooped and faded visibly. There was never a day when she was not made to feel that she was not welcome in her father's house, and a favorite form of torture was to taunt her with her mother's poverty, and remind her that she had no right to money that came from the Haynes estate.

Yet, although they gave her but little peace in her life, the sisters met in most indignant council one morning over a little note:

"I am going away where no one will tell me every day that I am 'in the way.' Mr. Carter will send me my quarterly payments, and see to my business. I will never trouble you again."

Mr. Carter, Alma's guardian, would give no information as to where she had gone, introduced the family lawyer, and had a settlement made of Mr. Hannaway's estate, that gave Alma certain lots in a neighboring city, and other property amounting to a fourth of the fortune left the sisters. The library was emptied, and its contents, with those of Alma's room, stored away.

It was useless to rage; the terms of the will were plain, and Alma disappeared from her home, while her guardian took strict care of her interests.

"Bless me! What can the stage be stopping here for?" cried old Mrs. Hunter, taking off her glasses and staring at the unwonted apparition at the gate.

"Stoppage here!" said Tom, a tall, fine-looking farmer of thirty-five or six. "Sure enough, mother, there it is, and a little lady getting out. Mother!"

"Oh, Tom!"

The exclamations fell from both as they caught sight of the lady's face, and a moment later both whispered softly:

"Helen!"

"It must be Alma, Tom," the old lady said, bustling to the door. And a moment afterward Alma was folded close in a motherly embrace, feeling hot tears dropping on her face as a tempest.

"You must be Helen's little girl come to see her grandmother at last."

"Yes, she answered. "May I stay? I will not give any trouble."

"Trouble!" cried Tom. "You could not give us trouble. It will be like having Helen back again."

And with the welcome a new life opened for Alma. The farm was very small; the house old, shabby, and poorly furnished; but her grandmother and her uncle could not sufficiently show their love for the pale child who appealed to them so strongly.

In the crisp air of the pure, sweet air, Alma gained health and new beauty, and Tom, smiling roguishly, noticed that Charlie Willard, the young lawyer of Tent Haven, found a great deal of business in the immediate vicinity of Hunter's Farm.

"That young city chap that has set up a sign over the village is uncommon fond of milk, mother," Tom would say.

"I saw Alma carry out a tumbler full four times to-day," or, "What can a young lawyer find so interesting in feeding hens. I saw young Willard twice at the hen-house when Alma was feeding the poultry."

But Alma did not heed the mild teasing. A new, glorious happiness opened to her when Charlie Willard joined her in her walk or stopped at the farm. A man of twenty-five or six, he had been a close student, had traveled at home and abroad, was cultured and refined. He had met many fair girls, but never one so sweet and gentle as this little maiden who was the grandchild of old Mrs. Hunter. He wondered sometimes when she fully comprehended a Latin quotation, or spoke with easy familiarity of the works of German and French authors, but Alma, thinking about her past life, and Charlie, who had been but a year or two at Tent Haven, never doubted that her life had been passed at the old farm.

Love's Young Dream glided the long winter evenings and glorified the opening of spring.

It was a quiet wooing, Uncle Tom keeping watch over his darling, grandmother gently sympathetic, and Charlie entirely devoted.

But with the summer days there came a change. Charlie came less and less to the farm, and, when there, was quiet and dull, never chatting in the old, bright way, nor planning for the future, with half hints of his

hope as to who would share it. Alma wondered: Tom grimly watched for a chance to ask an explanation; grandmother was sure the poor fellow was ill.

But one June day, when Alma was in the woods, trying to still the dull pain at her heart, getting very tired, Charlie Willard joined her.

"Alma," he said, gently taking her cold, trembling hand in his own, "I'm going to run away, like a miserable coward, but I must resolve to speak out. I must go away, because my life here has become unbearable!"

"Oh," he said, with almost a groan, "do not let me think I make you unhappy, too! Listen, darling—you are my darling, my heart's love, Alma! When I was trying by every device to win your heart, I was a rich man. I thought I could take my bride to a luxurious home, give her all manner of wealth, buy for her, and take all care of her life. But I have lost everything at one blow. My lawyer in New York writes

"Yet I will be your wife," was Alma's answer, "if you will let me share your life and your troubles."

"But, dearest, I have nothing. My practice here is a mere farce, and I must go where there is a thicker population, and earn my bread."

"Let me go with you."

And to Tom's chagrin, Mrs. Hunter said, "Tom repeated Alma's wish."

"My nice can meet her own modest expenses," Tom said, "and she loves you. I am sure she will be a help and not a burden."

And Charlie, dearly loving the sweet girl, gladly made her his wife. He scarcely understood himself, though Alma could have told him how G— came to be selected as the city of their future residence: but on a lonely evening in July the young couple found themselves upon the platform of the G— Station, and Alma gave a hasty driver some directions in a low voice.

"We are going to a friend's," she told Charlie. "Hotel bills are formidable."

The "friend's" house was a handsome one, evidently newly furnished. Two servants were in the hall; the open door of a dining room showed a tempting repast already spread.

Drawing her husband into the drawing-room, Alma for the first time told him the story of her life.

"The lots that Mr. Carter secured for me proved to be very valuable, and he has bought this house for me, and invested a handsome sum in secure investments for me. This is our own house, Charlie, and I trust we shall find happiness here. I am sure, darling, you will never let me feel that I am 'in the way' here."

Charlie's answer need not be recorded.

It was ten years later when Miss E'iza Hannaway said to a dear friend:

"Yes, the Hon. Charles Willard's wife is our step-sister, not our own sister. She was a miserable, whining thing who cheated us out of our father's property, and I never could guess what any one saw to admire in her. She was always 'in the way' here, and after running away she never let us hear anything about her till she sent wedding cards."

He Could Catch Trout.

Seven amateur trout anglers from various places were lounging around a fisherman's resort the other afternoon, waiting for the weather to clear up. It had drizzled and poured at intervals all day, and the anxious anglers were in a gloomy mood, until a jolly Jerseyman came in on the stage. He was a stranger to them all, but he was chatty, hearty, rosy, very good natured, and full of animation, and he got acquainted with the group of idle fishermen in less than fifteen minutes. His arrival was like a burst of bright sunshine out of the cloudy sky; they all liked him from the start, and his presence put new life into the party.

He said he hadn't fished for trout in twenty years, and as his stay would necessarily have to be very short he was going right at the sport, no matter how much it might rain that afternoon. Then he retired to his room, and pretty soon he came downstairs rigged out in a brand new trout outfit. He had one of the latest style of steel rods, that cost \$8, a nickel-plated reel, a large creel, some of the gaudiest flies that any of the party had ever seen, and a small umbrella. The anglers were deeply interested in the stranger than ever when they saw the umbrella and in low tones they expressed the opinion among themselves that he must certainly be as green a fisherman as he pretended to be. It was raining hard when the fat and jovial Jerseyman got ready to start, but he didn't hesitate a moment. As he raised his umbrella and rapidly strode away toward Tunhock Creek he was a picturesque figure. When he was out of hearing there was much snickering on the porch, and these remarks were made:

"He can't catch a trout."

"The idea of fishing with an umbrella!"

"Jersey against the world, gentlemen."

"He may surprise us all when he gets back."

"I'll bet the umbrella'll bring him luck."

It began to look lighter after a little while, and an hour after the Jerseyman had salied forth the rain ceased entirely. One by one the visiting anglers rigged up and sauntered down to a nice trout stream that ran through meadows and pastures within half a mile of the house. They were away for two hours or so, when they came straggling in through a copious rainfall, all dripping wet. Every one of them was soaked to the skin, but not one of them had a single trout to show for his labor and drenching, and they put on dry clothing, filled their pipes, and waited for the plucky Jerseyman to make his appearance, wondering why in the mischief he didn't come in out of the rain and make himself sociable. At 5.30 the green fisherman was still absent, and they gave the mistress of the house to postpone the regular supper hour until 7 o'clock.

Shortly after six the Jerseyman came tramping up the muddy road under his umbrella. There was a great bunch of big red roses on his round soft hat, and he looked more picturesque

Injured Sensibilities.



Foley—You're lookin' bad, Jamesey.
Cassidy—O'm feelin' worse, Terry. A grane-hor-rn in th'ditch hit me wid his pick, an' phin Judge.

than when he started. The upper part of his clothing was dry, and he was very cheerful as the men sang out to him from the piazza. Spears of grass stuck out from under the lid of his basket. When he entered the gate the seven idle fishermen rushed out into the rain to see what he had caught. Under the fresh grass they found a basketful of plump trout cleaned and dressed, and all ready for the cook to put over the fire.

"See what he has done!" one of them exclaimed. "He has cut the heads and tails off, by thunder! That shows how green a fisherman he is, but I'll be paralyzed if he hasn't got a bigger mess than any one of us has caught in a week."

It was even so, but the Jerseyman explained it by saying that he knew they would be hungry, and he had cut the heads and tails off so as to have them all ready for cooking. There were thirty-two trout in the basket, and the ones he had taken weighed in less than an hour. During the Jerseyman's absence two days longer he caught more trout than any three of the others, and they declared that he was the jolliest and best-hearted angler they had ever met, even though he was a little green and awkward.—*New York Sun*.

A Healthy Climate.

Easterer—Is Nebraska a healthy State? Nebraska Man—Healthy! Well, sir, there's an old man in Omaha named William Shakespeare, and hang me if I don't believe he's the

An Optimist.

Wife—This is the third time you have come home drunk this week.

Hubby—Don't be so p-pessimistic, my dear, You should think of the four nights I came home sober.

An Popular Game.

First sweet girl—Let's get up a tennis club. **Second sweet girl**—Yes, let's; the costumes are so becoming.

The Fault of the Bills.

Mrs. Fangle—How is it that circuses never come up to their advertisements?

Mr. Fangle—Because they are not billed that way.

'Twas Ever Thus.

He had had his little speech all written out for several days beforehand, and it ran like this: "I have called, Mr. Wealthyman, to tell you frankly that I love your daughter; and I have your assurance that my affection remains unchanged, and I hope you will give your consent for her to become my wife. I am not a rich man, but we are young and strong, and are willing to fight the battle of life together; and there was a good deal more of it, and he could say it all glibly before he left home; but when he stood in the presence of Papa Wealthyman, he said: "I—I—that is—I—Mr. Wealthyman—I tell you frankly that—I—your daughter loves me, and—and—I have called to—to—frankly ask you to—to be my wife—or that is—I—we—she—no—we are willing to fight—that—we—we are young and can fight—er—no—I hope you understand me."

Roping in an Innocent Man with Dutch.

"An' fo'ht comes to be the matter wid the Colonel, Mrs. O'Hallerty. I'd hear him grum in siveral toimes durin' the day."

"Indade, Mrs. O'Hallerty, it's very sick the Colonel is. He did fall in wid very bad company yester'day. As he was comin' from church he did stop in a saloon beyst, an' wan of the fellies he says to the Colonel, says he:

"'You understand some German, I believe?'

"'Troth an' it's a big fool I would be,' says the Colonel, 'if I wouldn't understand some Ditch after bein' wurrickin' on the strates wid' em for over twenty years.'

"'Then, said the felly, 'what's the English av'?

"'An' thin every mon in the house did yell 'Beer!' An' av course the Colonel did have to set him up to the whole house; an' so an did they kap catchin' every wan that did come in wid their 'Fwas wullen sie haben?' until the whole town samed to be droonk; an' a sicker mon there niver was than the Colonel was all last night on' an' the whole av the day. It's a great shame is, to be ropin' in innocent min wid sich Ditch as that."

A Tall Subject.

The Eiffel Tower in Paris weighs the trifle of 6,500,000 kilogrammes (about 6,450 tons). The iron net work contains two and a half millions of rivets, and it is pierced with seven million holes. The number of steps leading to the very top is 1,792. The weight of the tower produces on the ground a pressure of two kilogrammes per square centimetre, whereas M. Eiffel, sitting in his arm-chair at his desk, exerts a pressure on the floor of four kilogrammes to the square centimetre. The tower cost about five millions of francs, so that the price per kilo of the entire structure is less than one franc. If these five millions were piled up in 250,000 gold pieces of 20 francs, the column would reach exactly to the top of the tower.

A Contrary Man.

"Do you know," asked a woman at the Woodbridge street station, the other day, "whether a small man with a lop shoulder and a cataract in his eye has been fished out of the river within the last two days?"

"No such case, ma'am."

"Has such a man been sent up?"

"Yes, we had him in here for drunkenness," answered the sergeant, after consulting the records

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.



SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE NO. 1708.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	\$2.00
Six Months	1.00
Three Months50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. II] TORONTO, JULY 13, 1889. [No. 31]

Why So Many Poets?

The attention of those interested in Canadian literature has lately been directed to the extraordinary preponderance of poets over those who choose prose as the medium of expressing their ideas, among Canadian litterateurs. The question why this should be the case is being freely discussed. One reason, perhaps the principal, we take it is that so large a proportion of those anxious to pose as literary men or women have no real "call"—if we may borrow a theological expression—in that direction. They do not write spontaneously because they have something to say, but because they wish to attract attention to themselves and win fame in the literary field. Self-consciousness pervades their productions throughout. They have no particular message which they feel impelled to deliver—no genuine inspiration, but simply a greater or less degree of literary culture and the ability to construct sentences without grammatical solecisms. Their impelling motive is the desire to shine in the literary firmament. This being their outfit for the work they naturally—like Silas Wegg—"drop into poetry." Threadbare ideas and borrowed illustrations which would not pass muster in prose are tolerable in a metrical dress, where careful attention to form and style can disguise the poverty of the matter. Therefore we have so-called "poets" by the hundred, while men of conspicuous ability in constructive prose literature can be counted on one's fingers. Furthermore the practical work of journalism absorbs many men of talent who devote to ephemeral writing which brings them no permanent reputation—but what is of more immediate importance, a fair salary—the ability which might otherwise enable them to take rank as novelists, historians or political economists. The work that many of them do, transient and hurried as it is—as journalists, is quite as good or better of its kind than much of the poetry so lavishly praised, as entitling its author to rank among the producers of literature. In fact the Canadian poetry business is being run into the ground. It is absurd to hallow every ambitious young writer who has the very common faculty of putting his—or some one's else—ideas in verse without violating the laws of metre and rhythm as a Canadian Burns or Beranger. Poetry should be judged like prose by the thought it embodies rather than the mere form of expression. Tried by this standard the redundant crop of native bards would be a good deal thinned.

Echo Men.

There is no greater bore than a human echo that repeats assentingly whatever one suggests or asserts. It is a nuisance to be always coincided with. A man of sense likes to argue his points and prove his positions. The whetstone of opposition sharpens his wits; but if met with a continual affirmative iteration of his own words, his game is blocked, and he is, so to speak, dumbfounded. On the contrary, a sententious, "No, I don't think so," puts a man on his mettle. If wrong, he has a chance of being set right; if right, of enjoying an honest triumph. To be in company with one who has no opinion but your opinion is as bad as being caged with a macaw.

If you ask an individual in the habit of agreeing with everybody the reason of his complaisance, he may tell you, perhaps, that he hates controversy. Hates controversy! He might as well say he hates truth, for disputation is the crucible in which the gold of truth is separated from the alloy of error. How many things were taken for granted in former ages that modern argument has shown to be mere fallacies.

The grand object of a man of mind is to acquire knowledge; but he can learn nothing from those who are always ready to pin their faith on his sleeve without taking the trouble to think for themselves. We detest the suavity that is too polite to doubt, and the indifference that is too phlegmatic to argue.—*Ledger*.

We ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them.

There are many that despise half the world; but if there be any that despise the whole of it, it is because the other half despises them.

He that hath a trade, hath an estate; but he that hath a calling, hath a place of profit and honor. A ploughman on his legs, is higher than a gentleman on his knees.

Procrastination has been called a thief—the thief of time. I wish it were no worse than a thief. It is a murderer; and that which it kills is not time merely, but the immortal soul.

It is poor encouragement to toll through life to amass a fortune to ruin your children. In nine cases out of ten a large fortune is the greatest curse which could be bequeathed to the young and inexperienced.

A good talker should be a ready listener, a skilful cross-examiner, eager to discover his companion's interests and clever in drawing him out, while ready when needed to draw on his own resources. A bad talker invariably either wants to be a monopolist or creates a sense of unreality by too ready acquiescence when a little opposition would fan the flame, or else, perhaps, falls into the most stupid of errors, a morbid striving after accuracy.

The Canadian Society of Musicians held its fifth annual convention in this city, last week, with a fairly large attendance. The essays this year were of exceptional excellence, both in their subjects and in the manner of treatment. Mr. H. Guest Collins read one on The Formation and Management of Church Choirs, which was full of thought and suggestion; and Mr. J. E. P. Aldous of Hamilton read one on The Formation and Management of Choral Societies, which was no less rich in valuable ideas. Mrs. Bigelow, Mus. Bac., contributed a paper on The Growth and Influence of Music, Considered from its National Stand-point, which showed considerable research and reflection, while Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli read an essay on The Violin, which gave us a most interesting amount of information concerning that most charming of instruments. Mr. W. E. Fairclough, F. C. O., gave a lecture on The Organ, in Sherbourne street Methodist Church, which was illustrated by a recital in which Messrs. Aldous, Blakeley and the lecturer took part.

The recitals and concerts given during the convention were of considerable musical excellence, though the unfortunate feeling which prevented one section of Toronto's musicians from taking part in the proceedings, necessarily limited the number of executants who displayed their ability before Ontario's musicians. In spite of this drawback, most enjoyable days and evenings were spent, to which result the Conservatory String Quartette Club contributed in no small degree. These gentlemen have in a short time reached a degree of excellence that makes one regret that the season is over and that the pleasures of forest and stream will intervene and perhaps destroy that fine balance and feeling that has been the result of much practice together. A prominent feature of the session was the violin playing of Miss Lucile du Pre, a young lady of seventeen summers, fragile and delicate in appearance, but with a gigantic tone and any amount of executive facility. She evidently has an artistic temperament and very great taste. She is a pupil of Schradeck in Cincinnati, and will, I think, become world-renowned if she retains her health and strength and if she works and eventually goes to the fountain head. One has to be careful in praising these young people who have excellence. They don't find out until they are old heads, how small is the knowledge deemed so great in youth, and many accept praise in the best faith until they believe themselves to be possessed of all the knowledge and all the ability on the earth. Miss Du Pre is a violinist of such great powers and of such rich promise, that I should ever regret if she did not strive to the uttermost end, and learn all—all.

To return to the convention, I never heard Miss Burdette do herself such justice as she did at the reception when she sang Di Tanti Palpiti. She sang it splendidly, and showed a noble breadth of tone. Mr. Theodore Martens also distinguished himself by some very artistic piano playing. The pupil-teachers of the Conservatory likewise gave a good account of themselves in this department. One of the best features about the convention was the disposition to increase the social features of the meeting. Both reception and final concert showed this to a marked extent and were in this respect most enjoyable. The most important work done by the convention was the decision that in future candidates for membership should pass an examination before they can enter the society. There was a good deal of argument *pro* and *con* on this question: In fact it has been the battle-ground at each convention, and at last the examining party has gained the day. There can be no doubt that the new state of things will remove the objection that many musicians of good standing have held to joining the society, but there is equally little doubt that it will keep out many of the humbler class of teachers who should unquestionably be brought under its influence. The whole scheme concerning these examinations is crude as yet, and I think it would be well for the new executive to systematize the plan, so that next year all may be perfectly clear and definite.

It is very satisfactory to one who has spoken out without fear or favor concerning the proper means of advancing the best interests of the Canadian College of Organists to find that that body has, in solemn conclave assembled on Friday of last week, decided to have its foundation members or fellows examined by three gentlemen, two of whom were suggested in this column some months ago. These are Mr. Clarence Eddy and Mr. Dudley Buck, names of more than merely American renown. The third examiner who will be invited to adjudicate upon the merits of Canadian organists is Mr. S. P. Warren, a gentleman who is, I believe, a Canadian born, and being a brother of Mr. Warren of the well-known organ factory of this city. The members of the Canadian Society of Musicians will also be pleased to see that the College of Organists has contradicted, by resolution, the statement that it is not in harmony with the larger society.

In these days of cold business and merciless self-seeking, it is gratifying to find that we have in our midst a few gentlemen who are able and willing to shoulder the loss arising from the year's operations of Mr. Torrington's orchestra. From the published statement it appears that the shortage of the year's outlay, including the conductor's salary, rent of practice room, and salary of musicians in the orchestra, as well as the other disbursements, which were not equalled by the receipts, has been defrayed by the personal subscriptions of the committee. These gentlemen deserve more than a passing word of praise, as without their generosity and self-sacrifice we should be without the valuable factor in music which is presented by this orchestra. People are always ready to say that this, that or the other ought to be done, but

individuals who go down into their pockets and produce the money to carry on such an enterprise are few. It is to be hoped that Messrs. Logan, Alkenhead, Hamilton and Vogeley who now withdraw from the executive will be replaced by others as liberal and efficient.

Another Canadian is making a reputation for himself in Italy. It is a Mr. P. Robinson, whose stage name is Delasco. He has had some fine notices in Italian journals and has secured the more tangible success of an engagement with Augustus Harris at Covent Garden theater. He is a basso with a fine brilliant voice, and a thorough love of his art.

I may as well add that my remarks of last week concerning the visiting teachers, bore no reference to any one teacher, more or less than any other. It was the principle I wished to impress upon my readers; I was considering a species, not an individual. —METRONOME.

The Drama.

Following is William Winter's tribute to the genius and worth of the lately deceased actor, John Gilbert: "Since first I became familiar with the stage—in far-away days, in old Boston—John Gilbert has been the fulfilment of one of my highest ideals of excellence in the dramatic art; and it would be hard if I could not now say this, if not with eloquence, at least with fervor. I am aware of a certain strangeness, however, in the thought that words, in his presence and to his honor, should be spoken by me. The freaks of time and fortune are, indeed, strange. I cannot but remember that when John Gilbert was yet in the full flush of his young manhood, and already crowded with the laurels of success, the friend who is now speaking was a boy at his sports—playing around the old Federal Street Theater, and beneath the walls of the Franklin street cathedral, and hearing, upon the broad causeways of Pearl street the rustle and patter of the autumn leaves as they fell from the chestnuts around the Perkins Institution and elm that darkened the sombre, deserted castle of Harris' Folly. With this sense of strangeness, though, comes a sense, still more striking and impressive, of the turbulent, active, and brilliant period through which John Gilbert had lived. Byron had been dead but four years, and Scott and Wordsworth were still writing, when he began to act, Goethe was still alive. The works of Thackeray and Dickens were yet to be created. Cooper, Irving, Bryant, Halleck and Percival were the literary lords of that period. The star of Willis was ascending, while those of Hawthorne and Poe were yet to rise; and dramas of Taltaur, Knowles and Bulwer were yet to be seen by him as fresh contributions to the literature of the stage. All these great names are written now in the book of death.

"All that part of old Boston to which I have referred—the scene equally of Gilbert's birth and youth and first successes, and of his tender retrospection—has been swept away or entirely changed. Gone is the old Federal street theater. Gone that quaint English alley with the cosey tobacconist's shop which he used to frequent. Gone the hospitable Stackpole where, many a time, at 'the latter end of sea-coal fire,' he heard the bels strike midnight from the spire of the Old South Church! But, though 'the spot where many a time he triumphed, is forgot,' his calm and gentle genius and his hale physique have endured in unabated vigor, so that he who has charmed two generations of playgoers still happily lives to charm the men and women of to-day. Webster, Choate, Felton, Everett, Rantoul, Shaw, Bartlett, Lunt, Hallett, Starr King, Bartol, Kirk—these and many more, the old worthies of the bar, the bench and the pulpit, in Boston's better days of intellect and taste—all saw him, as we see him, in the silver-gray elegance and exquisite perfection with which he illustrates the comedies of England. His career has impinged upon the five great cities of Boston, New Orleans, Philadelphia, London and New York. It touches at one extreme the ripe fame of Munden (who died in 32), and—freighted with all the rich traditions of the stage—it must needs, at its other extreme, transmit, even in the next century, the high mood, the scholarlike weight, and the pure style of the finest strain of acting that Time has bestowed upon civilized man. By what qualities it has been distinguished, this brilliant assembly is full well aware. The dignity, which is its grandeur; the sincerity, which is its truth; the thoroughness, which is its massive substance; the sterling principle, which is its force; the virtue, which is its purity; the scholarship, mind, humor, taste, versatile aptitude of simulation and beautiful grace of method, which are its powerful and delightful faculties and attributes, have all been brought home to your minds and hearts by the living and conquering genius of the man himself! I have often lingered in fancy upon the idea of that strange, diversified, wonderful procession—here the dazzling visage of Garrick, there the woeful face of Mossop; here the glorious eyes of Kean; there the sparkling loveliness of an Abingdon or a Jordan—which moves, through the chambers of the memory, across almost any old and storied stage. The thought is endless in its suggestion and fascinating in its charm. How often, in the chimney-corner of life, shall we—whose privilege it has been to rejoice in the works of this great comedian, and whose happiness it is to cluster around him to-night in love and admiration—conjure up and muse upon his stately figure, as we have seen it in the garb of Sir Peter, and Sir Robert, and Jaques, and Wolsey, and Elmore! The ruddy countenance, the twinkling gray eyes, the silver hair, the kind smile, the hearty voice, the old-time courtesy of manner—how tenderly will they be remembered! how dearly are they prized! Scholar! Actor!—Gentleman!"

It is very satisfactory to one who has spoken out without fear or favor concerning the proper means of advancing the best interests of the Canadian College of Organists to find that that body has, in solemn conclave assembled on Friday of last week, decided to have its foundation members or fellows examined by three gentlemen, two of whom were suggested in this column some months ago. These are Mr. Clarence Eddy and Mr. Dudley Buck, names of more than merely American renown. The third examiner who will be invited to adjudicate upon the merits of Canadian organists is Mr. S. P. Warren, a gentleman who is, I believe, a Canadian born, and being a brother of Mr. Warren of the well-known organ factory of this city. The members of the Canadian Society of Musicians will also be pleased to see that the College of Organists has contradicted, by resolution, the statement that it is not in harmony with the larger society.

In these days of cold business and merciless self-seeking, it is gratifying to find that we have in our midst a few gentlemen who are able and willing to shoulder the loss arising from the year's operations of Mr. Torrington's orchestra. From the published statement it appears that the shortage of the year's outlay, including the conductor's salary, rent of practice room, and salary of musicians in the orchestra, as well as the other disbursements, which were not equalled by the receipts, has been defrayed by the personal subscriptions of the committee. These gentlemen deserve more than a passing word of praise, as without their generosity and self-sacrifice we should be without the valuable factor in music which is presented by this orchestra. People are always ready to say that this, that or the other ought to be done, but

actresses and singers who have made their names great had little except energy and talent to start with. Minnie Hawk was the daughter of a poor Rivington street carpenter. Sarah Bernhardt and Matilda Heron were milliner apprentices. Clara Morris began as an extra ballet girl. Christine Nilsson was a barefooted Swedish peasant girl. Rachel begged in the streets of Paris. Charlotte Cushman's parents

were very poor. Adelaide Neilson was a child's nurse. Jenny Lind was a poor teacher's daughter. Adelaide Phillips, the dead contralto, and Sara Jewett came from treasury clerks, Maud Granger from a sewing machine and Margaret Mather from a west side convent.

Sol Smith Russell tells of a dear, pious lady residing in New York, who has followed his career with great interest, though regretting that it was within the confines of the stage. One day she said:

"Won't you give us a dime for our mission, Mr. Russell?"

"A dime! Nonsense," said the comedian. "Here's five dollars."

But the old lady was firm.

"We only accept a dime from any one, and a prayer shall be said for you."

"Well, that's a cheap investment," replied Sol, as he handed her the ten cents.

Shortly after, when writing from the west to her, he said:

"I hope the mission is prospering. I haven't a dime about me, but please accept the enclosed coin. I suppose it's the usual reduction—three prayers for a quarter."

The story is told that a lot of college boys formed a stage theater party in New London, Connecticut, the other evening, and completely filled the first three rows of orchestra chairs. As soon as the curtain went up, they all donned hugh Eiffel tower bonnets, causing a total eclipse of the stage.

Some of the ladies in the audience felt highly indignant, while others took the matter good-naturedly, and sent word through the usher that if the collegians would terminate their little joke, the ladies would consent to remove their own bonnets.

The boys accepted the compromise, and filed out in a body after the first act to celebrate what they considered a victory for man's rights.

Mary Anderson continues to regain health and strength at her pretty little cottage. The date of her return to the stage is as yet undecided, the doctors insisting on perfect rest, and abstention from mental study of any kind. She is called "Our Mary" now by both English and American papers. If Jonathan uses her no better when she comes back next year than he did during the past season, the probabilities are she will become John Bull's Mary for good.

P. T. Barnum tells a story of how he was one day walking beside a railroad track, with a man who was very hard of hearing.

A train was approaching, and as it rounded the curve the whistle gave one of those nerve-destroying shrieks that seem to pierce high heaven. A smile broke over the deaf man's face.

"That is the first robin," said he, "that I have heard this Spring."

A sketch entitled The Turk's Harem was introduced recently by a party of female burlesquers.

The Grand Turk, on entering the harem, says with fine Pat Rooney accent, "Good mornin', minn." The ladies immediately answer, in one voice, "Good mornin', boss." The effect was funny.

At the Music Hall, James—What the dickens are you applauding that ass for? Why, he can't sing as well as my Thomas cat. Henry—I know he can't but I thought I would applaud him for his magnificent exhibition of nerve.

At the Music Hall. James—What the dickens are you applauding that ass for? Why, he can't sing as well as my Thomas cat. Henry—I know he can't but I thought I would applaud him for his magnificent exhibition of nerve.

At the Music Hall. James—What the dickens are you applauding that ass for? Why, he can't sing as well as my Thomas cat. Henry—I know he can't but I thought I would applaud him for his magnificent exhibition of nerve.

At the Music Hall. James—What the dickens are you applauding that ass for? Why, he can't sing as well as my Thomas cat. Henry—I know he can't but I thought I would applaud him for his magnificent exhibition of nerve.

At the Music Hall. James—What the dickens are you applauding that ass for? Why, he can't sing as well as my Thomas cat. Henry—I know he can't but I thought I would applaud him for his magnificent exhibition of nerve.

At the Music Hall. James—What the dickens are you applauding that ass for? Why, he can't sing as well as my Thomas cat. Henry—I know he can't but I thought I would applaud him for his magnificent exhibition of nerve.

At the Music Hall. James—What the dickens are you applauding that ass for? Why, he can't sing as well as my Thomas cat. Henry—I know he can't but I thought I would applaud him for his magnificent exhibition of nerve.

At the Music Hall. James—What the dickens are you applauding that ass for? Why, he can't sing as well as my Thomas cat. Henry—I know he can't but I thought I would applaud him for his magnificent exhibition of nerve.

At the Music Hall. James—What the dickens are you applauding that ass for? Why, he can't sing as well as my Thomas cat. Henry—I know he can't but I thought I would applaud him for his magnificent exhibition of nerve.

At the Music Hall. James—What the dickens are you applauding that ass for? Why, he can't sing as well as my Thomas cat. Henry—I know he can't but I thought I would applaud him for his magnificent exhibition of nerve.

At the Music Hall. James—What the dickens are you applauding that ass for? Why, he can't sing as well as my Thomas cat. Henry—I know he can't

Noted People.

General Boulanger anticipates making a visit to America.

Mr. Brush, of the arc electric light, owns a million-dollar house in Cleveland, O. He was a newspaper reporter on a salary of \$15 a week less than fifteen years ago.

After the marriage of the Duke of Portland, the next great prize of the English matrimonial lottery is the Marquis of Hartington. He is the heir to the Duke of Devonshire and the future owner of Chatsworth.

Lady Blennerhassett has written a life of Madame de S'el which has amazed the German critics. They are confessing with candor if not courtesy, that they had not supposed a woman could write so good a book.

The Duke of Portland it is said, has decided, as Donovan has won the Derby, to dedicate all the money that he has won this year on the turf to a wedding present for his bride. His winnings this season already amount to £32,542.

George Kennan, the noted Siberian traveler, will pass the summer at Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. His wife will be all the company he desires, and much of his time will be devoted to editing a large amount of matter not yet published relative to his Siberian journey.

Miss Mildred Fuller, fourth daughter of Chief Justice Fuller of the United States, will study law under the direction of her father after her graduation from Wells College. She is a decided blonde, with light golden hair, tall and well proportioned, and a winning manner.

At M. Cernuschi's great fancy ball recently M. Zola appeared as a friar, with his handsome wife as a Norman peasant; M. Moncaisy was a sixteenth century German; M. Daudet was a lawyer; M. Petit a Zulu chief and Mme. Bernadaki had an Eiffel tower on her head a yard high, set with diamonds.

Those who have seen it, say that the *petits soins* lavished on the Queen by the amiable girls of her daughters' families, are a pretty sight to behold. They differ from the young lady of the "period" very charmingly, in this one particular, that they have all been thoroughly taught respectful courtesy to the aged; and in Her Majesty's most irritating moments she is always to be appeased by the gentle attention of a grand-daughter.

Mrs. Campbell Praed is a graceful, delicate young woman of about thirty-five. She comes of a good family, and the name of her husband is also that of the gentility. She is a charmingly artistic dresser, and as far as her health will permit associates with a gay and fashionable set. Her novels are widely read, but in England are kept away from young readers, exactly as those of Ouida. They are in a certain sense brilliant, but are restricted to the delineation of scenes and manners of a fast and loose class of people—a kind only too prominent in large cities in this feverish age.

The means adopted by the Shah of Persia for getting rid of those ladies of his harem who have ceased to please is simple yet ingenious. There is no sewing up in sacks, no casting from towers, no bowstring, no poisoning. Some provincial general is informed that he will be favored with a wife from the Royal harem. To refuse is impossible, the disgusted lady arrives and is placed at the head of her new husband's household. She usually insists on his divorcing his other wives, and in any case treats them as servants and inferiors. One old general, who had become the recipient of one of these royal favors (the lady led him a sad life) never alluded to her but—in a whisper, of course—as "the old camel."

One fine morning during his last visit to Denmark, the Czar had prevailed upon Princess Maria of Orleans, the wife of Prince Waldemar, to join him in a tour on foot to Elsinore, a distance of seven English miles. She tramped as far as Saekkersten, a wretched fisherman's cave, about one mile from Elsinore, trying bravely to keep pace with her Imperial consort. There the Princess was overcome with fatigue, but it was out of the question to obtain any kind of a conveyance in so poor nest. She commenced to cry and upbraid her hardened brother-in-law for coaxing her into so arduous an undertaking, when the Czar suddenly solved the problem by lifting her lithe form into his strong arms, and then resumed his march in this fashion to Elsinore, whence they returned to Frederensborg by rail.

Ex-Empress Eugenie is about to visit Scotland, the land of her mother's ancestors, this year. Closeburn Castle, their family seat, once the Kirkpatrick stronghold, is less like a palatial residence than a small jail that has seen better days. It is situated in Nithsdale, on the left or east bank of the Nith, about ten miles north of Dumfries. Eugenie's grandfather, Mr. Thomas Kirkpatrick, was a consul at Malaga. The Count de Montijo, father of Her Majesty, was a second son who succeeded to family honors, such as they were, on the death of an elder brother. The connecting link between the Scottish and Spanish clans was Donna Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick de Closeburn de Montijo, mother to the ex-Empress. It is averred that this canny Countess kept a speculative eye on Louis Napoleon, after his first successes, for many a year.

Prince Henry of Battenberg has the reputation of being very "close" in money matters. One evening on alighting from the London train at Windsor, not finding a carriage waiting for him, he took a cab. On alighting in the Quadrangle, he paid the Jehu with his own hand, and the man fondly imagined he had received half a sovereign—for the Prince had alighted in a dark corner. Alas! the first lamp cabby approached proclaimed the coin in his palm to be a sixpence! He was a free and independent Briton, that driver of a humble fly, and he watched his opportunity and managed to meet the Battenberg out riding next day, and bearded him to his face. "Well, give me back that sixpence," proddingly replied Heinrich, "and take this instead." Cabby reached out his hand, gave back the sixpence, received a larger coin into his palm, and the Prince rode off rapidly, leaving the infuriated Jehu to discover that the coin was a shilling! That coin of the realm he cherishes yet, and intends handing down to posterity as a "mark" of German liberality!

Art and Artists.

Many of our artists have left their studios and taken themselves and their sketch books, canvases and paint boxes to the country in search of the picturesque. Well may those who perform must labor in the hot city, envy a little their wanderings by beautiful lakes and streams, in cool glades and shadowy forests. But we less fortunate individuals are apt to give them credit for having picnics when in reality their lot is much less delectable. The trials of the artist in rural districts have been depicted again and again in the illustrated papers, and what with mosquitos, over-inquisitive natives, festive bovines with a penchant for paint and many other afflictions, his summer day excursions may not be all we dwellers in the sweltering town imagine them to be.

During the next three months many a charming bit of Canadian landscape will be picked up and transferred to paper or canvas. It is a pity that more of our painters do not seem capable of utilizing some of the charming and powerful compositions which Canadian rural life affords at any time of the year, but especially in summer. There may be found men—tall, square-shouldered, hard with toil and brown with the sun, who might pose for Hercules or Apollo—man in all his seven ages, and woman the very embodiment of picturesqueness and native grace. These, with the various other forms of the animal kingdom in their surroundings of field and forest, are subjects which would delight a master's eye and be worthy of a master's hand. American and Canadian painters in France were enthusiastic over the picturesque peasant life of that country. If they only thought so, there are better pictures to be found in the country on this side of the water, where men and women are nobler than the illiterate descendants of the serfs of the Bourbons.

A meeting of the Art Students' League was held on Tuesday evening. The subject of extending the functions of the league was favorably discussed. Steps will probably be taken ere long to admit lady members.

The Ontario Society of Artists held their monthly meeting on Tuesday evening. The evening was spent in winding up affairs in connection with the recent exhibition and Art Union. The following members were elected: T. M. Martin, Miss May Martin, Mr. Gilbert Frith, sculptor.

A note has appeared in the *Colonies and India* mentioning Mr. L. R. O'Brien's exhibition of paintings at the galleries of Mr. Thomas McLean in the Haymarket.

Mr. J. C. Forbes is sojourning on the Ottawa.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster is at present in Germany.

Mr. Hannaford is sketching in the Niagara district.

VAN.

To the Woods.

Oh! girls, I never find myself in the woods that I do not feel inclined to say, with the disciples on the mountain: "Lord, it is good for us to be here." Good, after the heat and the glare, the noise, the dust, and all the haste and movement of the town—to lie here in the cool, green light of

"Woods pervaded
By branches o'er, by flowers beneath,"

while every sense of touch and taste, of sight and sound and smell, is thrilled to intensest pleasure.

Couched softly on the long, lush grass, we listen dreamily to the woodland concert that lacks now not a single voice. The chorus is full at last, and from the plaintive, twitter of the little morning warbler to the bobolink's melodious madness not a note is wanting to the movement of the town—to lie here in the cool, green light of

"Low creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness!"

offer us on every side. At every glance between the earth and leaves we catch their ruddy glistening, and for a hand's out-stretching we can taste such fragrant sweetness as no gardener's skill can win.

The moist warm air is laden with a wealth of blended odors only midsummer can yield. The pungent perfume of the blackberry

sunlit glade beyond, we watch the antics of a trio of bluejays, whose gay chatter is so unlike the bluebird's plaintive song. They chase each other like children playing at tag; they meet and tussle and flash



RASPBERRY.

their sapphire tinted wings; they seem actually to turn somersaults in the air in their mad haste as they tumble against each other, and then suddenly, as though playing time were over, they fly off in three different directions, only after a few minutes' interval, to begin the game again.

On the opposite edges of the glade flares out against a back ground of tender green, the gorgeous beauty of a wild orange lily, and half in shadow, half in shine, resting its weight against an old stump's ready shoulder, the red-flowered raspberry shows its wide vine-like leaves and the deep rose or purplish pink of its flowers. The shape, size and color of the petals suggest the rose rather than the raspberry—one might even fancy it a wild moss rose from the ruddy-brown and moss like sheathing of its stem and calix; but, "by their fruits ye shall know them," and in a little while its berries—though broad, flat and insipid—will unmistakably reveal the true relationship.

Come! let us go. The heat is over, and down in the hollow near here, there runs a little stream along whose sedgy bank I have often found that most beautiful of our native orchids, the white moccasin flower. Its lovely,



WHITE MOCCASIN FLOWER.

rose flushed bowl might well hold nectar for a dryad's drinking. Oh our way we may as well gather these tall, bright lilies. They are so large and showy one would think they'd lose all grace away from their wild surroundings; but I saw them once in the darkened corner of an old-fashioned drawing room, in a tall vase, and overtopping some spikes of the royally blue lupine, and they shone out from their background of old black walnut folding doors and soft grey wall, with a rich and stately beauty that would have delighted an artist's heart, and which I have never forgotten. D. B.

Let Her Go!

"The moon was shining silver bright,"
"All bloodless lay the unbroken snow,"
"When freedom from her mountain height"
Shrieked: "Gallagher! let her go."
"An hour passed on, the Turk awoke,"
"A bumble bee went thundering by,"
"To hover in the sulphur smoke."
"And spread his pall upon the sky."
"His echo'ng axe the settler swung,"
"He was a lad of high degree,"
"And deep the peaty caves among."
He heard, "O, woodman, spake that tree!"
"O, ever thus, from chil'dhood's hour!"
"By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,"
"Beneath yon ivy-mantled tower."
"The bullfrog croaks his serenade."
"My love is like the red, red rose,"
"He bought a ring with posie true,"
"Sir Barney Bodkin broke his note,"
"And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!"

Human Nature on the Highway.

It was on a highway running into a city, one man was driving out with a load of brick and the other driving in with a load of hay. Both attempted to get the best side of a mud hole, and as a consequence their teams came head to head and stopped.

"You, there! shouted the brick man.
"You, there yourself!" replied the other.
"Going to turn out?"
"No!"

"Neither will I!"
"I'll stay here a whole year first!"
"And I'll stay ten of them!"

Both proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible, and to appear careless and indifferent as to results. Other travelers took the other side of the hole, and passed them by, so it became a question of endurance. At the end of about two hours the hay man said:

"There's anyone man I hate above another it's a human hog!"

"Then it's a wonder you haven't hated your self to death!" was the retort and silence reigned supreme again. Another hour passed, and the brick man observed:

"I'm going to sleep, and I hope you won't disturb me."

"Just what I was going to ask of you," replied the hay man.

Both pretended to sleep, but at the end of

At The Tennis Club.

The men and the women
In garments brand new,
In ribbons and lace,
And flannels (a few),
All come to play tennis.
On this bright afternoon,
To show off their costumes,
To flirt and to spoon.

"But why do they carry
Their rackets today,
If they're not playing tennis?"
I hear some one say.
How foolish a notion!
My goodness, don't you know
That it's not for the game that
They come, but the show?

"Eat that lad with the sash, shoes,
And flannels complete,
With racket in lap,
And the girls at his feet,
If he doesn't play tennis."
Then he's here to show off
The gold he inherits.—*Puck*.

the third hour the hay man suddenly called out:

"Say! You are a cussed mean man!"

"The same to you!"

"Where you going with those brick?"

"Four miles out, to John Dayton's. Where you going with your hay?"

"To Stiner's brick yard."

"Say, man, I'm John Dayton myself, and I've traded this hay for brick!"

"Well, I'm young Stiner, and I was driving the first load out!"

"What fools we are! Here, take all the road."

"No—no—let me turn out."

"I'll turn."

"No, let me."

And in their haste to do the polite thing the load of hay was upset and a wheel taken off the brick wagon.—*New York Sun*.

A Musical Bootblack.

Baroness (to man servant who had just come in)—Johann, do not whistle in that abominable manner—and such vulgar tunes besides!

Johann—But surely your ladyship does not expect one of Liszt's rhapsodies when I'm blacking the boots—that'll come on later when I'm cleaning the silver!

Hanlan as a Dude.

From the shady pavilion overlooking Berkeley Lake three gentlemen were Sunday afternoon watching the pleasure seekers as they got into the boats and shoved off from the wharf.

It was a new experience to most of them, and it was with considerable trepidation at dignified that they stepped into the wobbly craft and intrusted themselves to the smooth but impressionable surface of the lake.

Many of the boats all went over, and the three wise men were confidently expecting to see someone take a ducking when a party of five came down upon the wharf.

Three ladies and one gentleman had been helped into their places, and the last of the party was just about to get aboard when one of the three interested spectators said: "Just look at that dude. I believe that he will be the first to go overboard."

The boat was shoved off and the dude referred to took the oars. The curious trio were taken by surprise. The muscular form of the dude was before their eyes as the oars dropped into the water in silent precision, and the boat went ahead as if shot from a gun.

"Hew, but he can row," said one. "He's a nailer," said another. "Who is that man?" asked the third of John Elitch, who at that moment came up.

"Oh, that," said John; "he is only Hanlan."—*Denver Republican*.

The Lasting Grief of Widows.

A young Tipperary widow, Nelly McPhee, was courted and actually had an offer from Tooley O'Shane on her way to her husband's funeral.

"She accepted, of course," said Grossman. "No, she didn't," said Smith. "Tooley, dear," says she, "yer too late. Four weeks ago it was I shook hands wi' Pat Sweeny upon it that I would have him a decent time after poor McPhee was under board."

"Well," said Grossman, "widows of all nations are much alike. There was a Dutchwoman whose husband, Diedrich von Pronk, died in a foreign land. She was buried on Capp's Hill. Folks said that grie would kill that widow. She had a large figure of wood carved that looked very like her late husband, and constantly kept it in her room for several months. In about half a year she became interested in a young shoemaker, who took the length of her foot and finally married her. He had visited the widow not more than a fortnight, when the servants told her they were out of kindling stuff, and asked what would be done. After a pause the widow replied in a quiet way: 'Maybe it is well enough to split up old Von Pronk, vot ish upstairs.'"

It Wasn't Impossible.

Smith—Do you know Miss Brown? Jones—I have spoken to her, but I never met her.

S.—Spoke to her, but never met her? Come, come, that's impossible.

J.—It isn't impossible. I've spoken to her through the telephone.

S.—Come and take a cigar.

They Played the Second Fiddle.

Helen (to country cousin at fashionable wedding)—Now, Kate, you must watch everything; this is an awfully fetching affair. See the bridesmaids in their Directoire gowns and those children dressed as pages; and, listen, the choir boys are singing the wedding chorus in the distance. It's awfully effective!

Kate (very much interested)—Yes; and where's the bride and groom?

</div

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XVI.

The tea-hour was over. Lucille Maitland was lingering in the billiard-room, knocking the balls about idly with her hand; Sir Adrian and Laurence Doyle were walking up and down the terrace outside smoking; Lady Elwyn and Kathleen, drawn together by a common anxiety, were upstairs on the upper landing. Every one was waiting for Sir Augustus Rolls' report. He was still closeted in Lord Elwyn's dressing room consulting with Doctor Grieves.

Coming at last to the open billiard-room door, Lucille noticed for the first time a gentle man with white hair neatly attired in a black frock coat who was standing warming his feet by the fire in the hall. It was Mr. Williams, the solicitor.

"How do you do, Mr. Williams? Have you come for news of my poor uncle?"

"I have come to see him, Miss Maitland," replied the lawyer, shaking hands with the brilliant young lady whom he had spoken to once or twice before on his visits to the Castle on business. "Lord Elwyn has sent for me very urgently. I was to come at once. I arrived at the same time as the London doctor."

"Oh, then you have not seen him yet?"

"No; I am to wait until after the doctors have gone."

"It is very cold—is it not, Mr. Williams?"

"Very, Miss Maitland!"—extending his fingers to the blaze. "A cutting east wind tonight! I cannot get warm at all; one gets perished driving about in an open trap!"

"There seems to me to be a dead draught in this hall. Come into my boudoir! There is a nice fire there, and it is much warmer than in this great place."

Mr. Williams gratefully followed her. She led the way into Lady Elwyn's boudoir, on the farther side of the inner hall. It was a charming snugger, curtained warmly and carpeted softly; a bright fire blazed merrily in the grate, and there was a lamp on the table. Lucille rang the bell, and desired the footman to bring some sherry and biscuits for Mr. Williams; then she placed some newspapers and magazines on the table, and desired him to make himself quite comfortable.

"If you will stop here, Mr. Williams, and rest and warm yourself, I will come and let you know the very moment Sir Augustus Rolls' visit is over, and I will bring you the first news of what he says. Your horse and dog-cart have gone round to the stables, I think you said?"

"Yes? Well, then, you have nothing to trouble about. Pray get thoroughly warm, and I will come back and fetch you at the proper time."

"I am sure you are exceedingly kind and thoughtful, Miss Maitland," said the youthful, somewhat astonished solicitor. "Lady Elwyn's niece had a character for being haughty and repellent in manner towards the smaller people in the neighborhood; he had not believed that she could have unbent so much. 'Ah, well,' thought the good man, 'human nature is much the same in all ranks of life, and a great sorrow like this softens the heart and makes us all sympathize with one another!'

—and he resigned himself very gratefully to his sherry and his newspapers; and, in the cheerful rustling of the sheets of the *Times* and the genial glow of the brown sheepskin which covered the sofa, he gradually quite failed to hear the soft click of the key turning almost noiselessly in the lock of the door as it closed gently upon Miss Maitland's departing skirts.

"And there, my dear fellow, you will remain," said the young lady to herself, until it pleased me to let you out! Oh, yes—very certainly I intend to see Lord Elwyn before you do!"

As Lucille reached the outer hall, Sir Augustus was just coming down the stairs, followed by Doctor Grieves and Colonel Elwyn. The great man's face was smiling.

"Quite room for hope, Colonel Elwyn," she heard him say cheerfully. "A critical case, no doubt—very critical! But there are other extreme symptoms which forbid us to despair. Extreme care, of course, will be essential, and the most unremitting attention to the treatment. The slightest relapse now would be fatal; but we have no grounds to apprehend a relapse—quite the contrary. In short—" The doctor's remarks died away upon her ears as the three gentlemen passed into the dining-room, where some refreshment had been prepared for Sir Augustus before his departure for the train. They had not noticed Lucille standing below when Kathleen came flying down the staircase half wild with excitement.

"He says there is hope—there is hope!" she cried. "Oh, Lucille, is it not delightful? He may get better after all! Where is my stepmother? Is she in her boudoir?"

"No; I saw her go into the library three minutes ago—you will find her there."

Kathleen turned away unspuriously from the boudoir and ran down the wide corridor which led to the library; whilst Lucille sped up with cat-like swiftness and noiseless.

"Now was her opportunity! The doctor downstairs, Kathleen knew to be in her bed-room—the tension of the watch about the patient's door relaxed for the moment—when could she find a fitter time for that which she had to do?"

The hired nurse was in the outer room tidying up the usual litter that attends a sick room, rinsing out the medicine glasses, and laying down a fresh white cloth upon the table where the different concoctions of food and wine were standing. She looked up as the beautiful young lady entered with a slightly heightened color upon her face. Mrs. Hyam came from London, was a stranger to the different members of Lord Elwyn's family; she had not seen Miss Maitland before to her recollection.

"Oh, nurse," cried the girl, "this is indeed good news about my dear uncle! Is it true that Sir Augustus Rolls says he will recover?"

"We hope so, miss—we hope so, I've sent for her ladyship. Do you know if she is coming?"

"Yes—immediately, I think. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Well, I wanted to run down to the housekeeper's room for a few minutes to prepare something very special—it's a solution which is to be last night's lordship's side. I haven't enough here; besides, I could do it much quicker down-stairs. I wanted her ladyship to sit a few minutes in the next room whilst I am gone."

"Can't I do that, nurse? Is there anything to be done?"

"Nothing, miss, but to sit still by the bedside and see that nobody comes in to disturb him. You said you was his lordship's niece, miss?"

"Yes; and, if I could be allowed to do anything for my dear, dear uncle—even such a trifling thing as this—I should be so grateful!" She raised her handkerchief to her eyes; her voice trembled with the sudden light of the room she appeared to be crying softly.

"Pretty affectionate creature!" thought the nurse, who was a soft-hearted woman and always felt sincerely for the sorrows of the afflicted families amongst whom her lot was cast. "Don't cry, my dear," said the little woman kindly, patting the tall girl's shoulder with a soft motherly touch—"don't cry! Your uncle will get well, I believe. It's all in God's hands, we know; but still we feel we may allow ourselves to hope for the best. Now you just creep into the next room softly and sit down in the chair by the bed. He seems to be dozing a little, and this is the Doctor's bed. I'll wake him, and I have just given him a soothing draught. Don't speak to him unless for anything; and, if the least thing goes wrong, touch the electric-bell twice. I shall hear it downstairs, as I will leave the door of the

housekeeper's room open. Whatever you do, don't let him excite himself, and agree to everything he says if he should happen to speak to you. I sha'n't be gone above five minutes at the outside."

Lucille promised faithfully to obey Mrs. Hyam's injunctions to the letter, and with noiseless footsteps crept into the sick-room and took up her station in the chair behind the bed curtains.

After a few moments, when she felt quite certain that Mrs. Hyam must have gone downstairs, she drew the bed-curtain with a quiet hand and looked at the sick man. Lord Elwyn was not asleep; his eyes were wide open, and they turned instantly towards the watcher by his bedside. A faint smile came to his lips upon seeing his wife's niece. It was the first time she had been near him since his illness had begun, and he was pleased at the attention.

"Are you feeling better, uncle?"

"They tell me I am better, my dear," he answered feebly. "I don't know—perhaps I may be."

"Sir Augustus thinks you will get quite well."

"Does he?"—doubtfully; then, after a pause

—had a strong conviction, Lucille, that I shall never rise again from this bed."

"Old man, you must say 'yes'!"

Silence for a few moments. Lord Elwyn's eyes closed; he looked as though he might fall asleep. This would not suit Lucille at all. She spoke again.

"Uncle, do you think you are well enough to listen to something I want to tell you?"

His eyes opened again.

"Yes—certainly. What is it?"

"It is something very important, uncle," she said, bending over him and taking his hand—*something, I think, you ought to know.*"

He moved uneasily under his bedclothes; an arm extended from his side into his lap.

"You said just now that you felt that you would never get out of this bed alive, uncle. I hope and trust that you may be mistaken; but if you should by any chance be right, then—then—"

"Yes, yes—for Heaven's sake, go on!" His breath was beginning to come and go quickly; he tried to raise himself on his pillow.

"Then I don't think you ought to die without knowing the truth."

"Tell me instantly without further delay, Lucille!" He held her hands with a supernatural strength and dragged her nearer to him. "Is it about yourself—your marriage?"

"No; it is about your daughter Kathleen."

"Tell me—tell me!" he gasped.

"Kathleen is hiding a shameful secret from you, uncle. When she was at the farm that took her from you—know?"

"Yes, yes—old Dobson's—I know!"

"She got entangled with a common laboring man. She corresponds with him; she has owned in my hearing that she is engaged to him."

"It is a lie, a lie," he shouted, flinging up his arms wildly—"a lie, I tell you—a wicked lie!"—and he resigned himself very gratefully to his sherry and his newspapers; and, in the cheerful rustling of the sheets of the *Times* and the genial glow of the brown sheepskin which covered the sofa, he gradually quite failed to hear the soft click of the key turning almost noiselessly in the lock of the door as it closed gently upon Miss Maitland's departing skirts.

"And there, my dear fellow, you will remain," said the young lady to herself, until it pleased me to let you out! Oh, yes—very certainly I intend to see Lord Elwyn before you do!"

As Lucille reached the outer hall, Sir Augustus was just coming down the stairs, followed by Doctor Grieves and Colonel Elwyn. The great man's face was smiling.

"Quite room for hope, Colonel Elwyn," she heard him say cheerfully. "A critical case, no doubt—very critical! But there are other extreme

symptoms which forbid us to despair. Extreme care, of course, will be essential, and the most unremitting attention to the treatment. The slightest relapse now would be fatal; but we have no grounds to apprehend a relapse—quite the contrary. In short—" The doctor's remarks died away upon her ears as the three gentlemen passed into the dining-room, where some refreshment had been prepared for Sir Augustus before his departure for the train. They had not noticed Lucille standing below when Kathleen came flying down the staircase half wild with excitement.

"He says there is hope—there is hope!" she cried. "Oh, Lucille, is it not delightful? He may get better after all! Where is my stepmother? Is she in her boudoir?"

"No; I saw her go into the library three minutes ago—you will find her there."

Kathleen turned away unspuriously from the boudoir and ran down the wide corridor which led to the library; whilst Lucille sped up with cat-like swiftness and noiseless.

"Now was her opportunity! The doctor downstairs, Kathleen knew to be in her bed-

room—the tension of the watch about the patient's door relaxed for the moment—when could she find a fitter time for that which she had to do?"

The hired nurse was in the outer room tidying up the usual litter that attends a sick room, rinsing out the medicine glasses, and laying down a fresh white cloth upon the table where the different concoctions of food and wine were standing. She looked up as the beautiful young lady entered with a slightly heightened color upon her face. Mrs. Hyam came from London, was a stranger to the different members of Lord Elwyn's family; she had not seen Miss Maitland before to her recollection.

"Oh, nurse," cried the girl, "this is indeed good news about my dear uncle! Is it true that Sir Augustus Rolls says he will recover?"

"We hope so, miss—we hope so, I've sent for her ladyship. Do you know if she is coming?"

"Yes—immediately, I think. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Well, I wanted to run down to the housekeeper's room for a few minutes to prepare something very special—it's a solution which is to be last night's lordship's side. I haven't enough here; besides, I could do it much

quicker down-stairs. I wanted her ladyship to sit a few minutes in the next room whilst I am gone."

"Can't I do that, nurse? Is there anything to be done?"

"Nothing, miss, but to sit still by the bedside and see that nobody comes in to disturb him. You said you was his lordship's niece, miss?"

"Yes; and, if I could be allowed to do anything for my dear, dear uncle—even such a trifling thing as this—I should be so grateful!" She raised her handkerchief to her eyes; her voice trembled with the sudden light of the room she appeared to be crying softly.

"Pretty affectionate creature!" thought the nurse, who was a soft-hearted woman and always

felt sincerely for the sorrows of the afflicted families amongst whom her lot was cast.

"Don't cry, my dear," said the little woman kindly, patting the tall girl's shoulder with a soft motherly touch—"don't cry! Your uncle will get well, I believe. It's all in God's hands, we know; but still we feel we may allow ourselves to hope for the best. Now you just creep into the next room softly and sit down in the chair by the bed. He seems to be dozing a little, and this is the Doctor's bed. I'll wake him, and I have just given him a soothing draught.

Opposing Counsel—Stop one moment, Mr. Costello. Is the female in question your grandmother?

"No George!" she screamed, waving her hands wildly and making a frantic jab at the small of her back. "I think it's some kind of bug!"

(To be Continued.)

Sir Adrian Deverell and Laurence Doyle—not the most congenial companions to each other—were greatly tired of strolling about outside with their cigar and the small talk concerning the peasants and the pointers and setters, and the possibility of a change in the weather, and the chances of the renewal of hunting—got tired too of platitudes concerning Lord Elwyn's lamentable illness and of the contrast presented by the previous week's festivities to the present week's lamentation. They were mutually bored with each other, and each had a private load of trouble on his mind. Sir Adrian was anxious about Kathleen's future fate, and Laurence about his own. Laurence was anxious to get hold of Lucille and to win from her more of those expressions of her affection which had become so precious to his disturbed mind.

They went into the house. The doctors were swallowing a hasty meal in the dining room; the brougham was already at the door to take them away. Presently Lady Elwyn came downstairs.

"My dear husband is much better," she said, pressing Sir Adrian's hand. "You have heard, of course, the report which Sir Grieves gave you over this attack and live for years longer. After all, Adrian, perhaps your wedding need not be postponed for more than a month or so. When he is strong enough, Lord Elwyn will have to go away for a change to the south of France; then, when he comes back—But why should not your wedding take place there quietly—at Cannes or Mentone? We could have a quiet affair—it would be less trying for our invalid. We must talk over, Adrian."

"Young Man from the City—Ah, there, dewdrop! I'll have to have just one sweet little kiss—



Young Man from the City—Ah, there, dewdrop! I'll have to have just one sweet little kiss—

Country Maiden—Guess he ain't been boardin' round here long, or he'd 'a' heard about this ere bridge bein' a little shaky!—Puck.

little hazy yesterday I asked the chief to let me marry his daughter and now I don't know whether he gave me the mittin or not!"

Principal (vainly trying to eat at the breakfast table and holding his aching brow)—talking to his wife—"We were pretty gay yesterday, and the clerk asked me for Ida. Now, by heaven! I don't know whether I promised him her hand or not!"

Little hazy yesterday I asked the chief to let me marry his daughter and now I don't know whether he gave me the mittin or not!"

Principal (vainly trying to eat at the breakfast table and holding his aching brow)—talking to his wife—"We were pretty gay yesterday, and the clerk asked me for Ida. Now, by heaven! I don't know whether I promised him her hand or not!"

Little hazy yesterday I asked the chief to let me marry his daughter and now I don't know whether he gave me the mittin or not!"

Principal (vainly trying to eat at the breakfast table and holding his aching brow)—talking to his wife—"We were pretty gay yesterday, and the clerk asked me for Ida. Now, by heaven! I don't know whether I promised him her hand or not!"

Little hazy yesterday I asked the chief to let me marry his daughter and now I don't know whether he gave me the mittin or not!"

Principal (vainly trying to eat at the breakfast table and holding his aching brow)—talking to his wife—"We were pretty gay yesterday, and the clerk asked me for Ida. Now, by heaven! I don't know whether I promised him her hand or not!"

Little hazy yesterday I asked the chief to let me marry his daughter and now I don't know whether he gave me the mittin or not!"

Principal (vainly trying to eat at the breakfast table and holding his aching brow)—talking to his wife—"We were pretty gay yesterday, and the clerk asked me for Ida. Now, by heaven! I don't know whether I promised him her hand or not!"

Little hazy yesterday I asked the chief to let me marry his daughter and now I don't know whether he gave me the mittin or not!"

CRUEL KINDRED.

By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The evening began very pleasantly at Oldcastle Towers. Mr. Plumptre approved of the achievements of the cook and found the wine exactly to his palate. Having dined very much to his own satisfaction, he afterwards went to sleep in the drawing room—not less to the satisfaction of everybody else.

The lovely day had ended in a cloudy and dreary evening; no stars were visible; a cold wind blew from the sea. Adela had not cared for her usual walk with her lover, and they had established themselves on an ottoman in a snug corner by the piano, until the girl presently reminded Guy of a promise, made earlier in the day, that he would show her the intricacies of a new kind of gold-chasing in which he was trying to perfect himself.

There could be no better time than now, she urged in a whisper. They could not go outside; it was cold and it was dreadfully house to move in. She could not play, because it would wake uncle Plumptre, and he was, with due deference, so much nicer asleep; if they talked, she was quite certain that Lady Oldcastle would hear every word, which had its drawbacks—didn't he think so? In fine, she finally coaxed him out of the room.

They had hardly left it when Duke came in—he had been answering some letters that the evening post had brought. As he had done once before, he dropped carelessly into a seat near his mother's work-table. Knowing that he wished to speak to her, she raised her eyes from the page before her, the letter of which she had read a blurb.

"Entertaining old boy that!" he said lightly, and in an undertone, with a glance towards the slumbering and unconscious Mr. Plumptre. "What a solid plutocrat—in all ways—is, eh?"

Lady Oldcastle turned her fine eyes languidly, and as languidly let them fall.

"Yes. What is it that you have to say to me, Duke? We may not be alone many minutes. Nothing unpleasant, I hope, by your face!"

Her eyes rested upon him eagerly—yearningly; through all the outward frost of her manner the fire of her passionate love for him was still plainly to be seen. There was now, as always, something pathetic about it and its repression, because he accepted it so calmly and responded to it so little. He was looking brighter, she thought. She was duly glad to see it—she could just now feel no more even for him, with her hours passed in speechless dread and expectancy. She placed her hand upon her bosom, and beneath it there rose and fell, with every breath she drew, Gabriel Dwight's letter.

"What is it?" she said, "that you wish to say to me, my dear?"

"Only that I had a talk with Guy before dinner. Perhaps he has said something to you about it?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, well, I didn't know! Yes; I had a talk with him."

"And he?"

"Well, he was pretty fair," said Duke judicially—in fact, about as fair as I could expect him to be—recollecting the kind of fellow he is, rather better perhaps. I'm to give him a list of my debts, and he's to see what he can do with them."

"Does he promise to pay them?"

"No he!" Duke opened his eyes with an annoyed look. "He's not such a fool! He told me plainly that he'd make no promise whatever until he knew exactly how I stood. He will place them in old Marchmont's hands, and he'll compound, make some sort of arrangement—I'm sure I don't know what you call it." This was said indolently, as if it were any one's business but his.

"Is that all?" Lady Oldcastle asked slowly. "Not quite. He'll allow me another three hundred a year, to make an even thousand. But he took good care to make an understanding that a thousand a year was a vast deal too much for any man to throw away in my improving style. And then he wound up with two pieces of advice."

"What were they?"

"First, that I should do well to see if I couldn't turn my hands and brains to some account—I never knew before that he credited me with any brains; and, secondly, that he believed it might be the saving of me if I were to—in short, follow his example."

"If you were to marry, do you mean?" his mother questioned quickly.

"Yes. Rather cool that, seeing that he himself just walked off with the girl I wanted!"

"Do you suppose that he knows she rejected you?" asked Lady Oldcastle, setting her lips.

"Upon my word, I couldn't say? He never said he knew it. I say, mother, I tell you what—he is outrageously fond of her."

"I said so when you first came here," she repeated, with the utmost indifference.

"Where is Lady Oldcastle, Kenrick? Do you know?"

"Her ladyship is in the library, sir. I beg your pardon, Mr. Duke"—as the young man was moving away—"but my lady is not alone, sir."

"Do you mean that Sir Guy is with her?" asked Duke, halting.

"No, sir; I saw Sir Guy go into his workshop half an hour ago with Lady Adela. They are there still, I believe. There is a gentleman with the lady, I believe, sir. I took a card to her about ten minutes or so ago."

"I know," Duke said curtly, and went towards the library door with Gabriel Dwight's card still in his hand.

I never expected to see any mistress here but you while Guy lived."

"Nor did I," Lady Oldcastle returned, low and softly.

"Well, it can't be helped, I suppose," Duke went on presently, in a livelier tone; "it is to be, it seems." He was sorry for his mother's trouble, but it did not immediately concern him, and as he said, "it was to be." "I told Guy that I thought of leaving here, mother; and of course he raised no objection. So, as soon as I have pulled things together a bit, and can let him know how I stand, I shall be off again."

"When do you go?" his mother asked listlessly.

"It was the first time that she had ever heard him speak of his departure and not re-illustrated it. Now, look, lose him as she will, she could not speak. Who could tell what would happen? Perhaps he was better away."

"The day after to-morrow most likely—it depends, of course, upon when I can get things straight. At any rate, I shall stay no longer than I'm obliged."

"And where do you go?" Lady Oldcastle asked, in the same dull tone.

"Oh, I shall run up to town for a week or two, I think! I shall like a little life after staying here."

His mother did not answer. With her eyes fixed upon the ground, she seemed to have fallen into a fit of moody thought.

Duke rose presently and strolled out to the terrace. Yes, the night was very threatening and dark; not a star was to be seen; not a breath of wind lessened the oppressive, humid heat; in the intense brooding stillness the distant sound of the surf upon the beach came like a hollow moaning murmur. Surely there was thunder in the hot, heavy air!

Duke lighted a cigar, thinking how oppressive and gloomy it was, and strolled to and fro for a while, wishing that it were possible for him to turn his face on the morrow from Martin Langton. Where would he go best? Here, at Adela's home, Sugbrook! Why ever it was, he hoped they would have the grace not to ask him to it. It was his place to play "best man" to his brother, without doubt, but he would much prefer not to do it. If Guy did set him tolerably straight, he would make an effort to keep so; but as for marrying—no, he had had enough of trying that! How close it was! Surely there would be a storm soon! He sauntered towards the open window by which he had left the drawing-room and glanced in.

"There's a storm coming, I fancy, mother. Can't you feel it in the air? It's just like that."

He broke off, seeing that his mother's chair was empty. She was not in the room. Surprised, Duke stepped within. His arm, knocking against a little fragile trifles of a table a swat in the long curtain, sent it over. The noise aroused Mr. Plumptre, who sat up, red-faced, confused, blinking.

"Dear, dear—really I beg ten thousand pardons! I'm afraid I've been nodding!" The warmth and the change of air, I suppose."

Duke did not answer—indeed the sound of the silk merchant's snotterings was no more intelligible to him than the inarticulate man of the house upon the distant shore. He had stopped to pick up something from the carpet, and held it, staring at it. Mr. Plumptre, who had been only partially roused, let his bald head fall back upon its comfortable cushions again, and once more closed his eyes. Duke still stood staring at what he had picked up on the floor close to his mother's vacated chair—a card, with a name upon it—"Gabriel Dwight."

He had come again then—the mysterious fellow with the queer name—and what a time it was to come! This card must have been brought to his mother just now, while he was pacing the verandah, the thoughts carelessness or mistake, had dropped it. It was strange that he had picked up on the floor close to his mother's vacated chair—a card, with a name upon it—"Gabriel Dwight."

He had come again then—the mysterious fellow with the queer name—and what a time it was to come! This card must have been brought to his mother just now, while he was pacing the verandah, the thoughts carelessness or mistake, had dropped it. It was strange that he had picked up on the floor close to his mother's vacated chair—a card, with a name upon it—"Gabriel Dwight."

"Which is the truth?" She looked at him fixedly. "Is Martin Langton living or dead?"

"He is dead."

With one convulsive gasp she turned her eyes from him, and sat looking, with a set and rigid face, at the fire. With his large plump hand at his smooth chin, he watched her calmly and curiously.

"He is dead, Lady Oldcastle," Gabriel

Dwight repeated, "although the rumor of his death in many years ago was a false one. The truth of the matter is—But the explanations are apt to be lengthy. Will you allow me to sit down?"

She made a movement for him to do so without turning her head. As he had done before, he drew a chair coolly over against hers and seated himself in it, leaning forward with his arm upon his knee, and speaking slowly and emphatically.

"The rumor of Martin Langton's death in consequence of a wound received in a drunken brawl in a Spanish gambling-house thirty years ago was falsehood. Only a distorted and a falsehood circumscribed and a deluded delusion—so honest and punctilious a woman should have granted this man an interview at this hour—as she of course had done. He thought of the evening when he had spoken to her of this Gabriel Dwight, and had asked who Martin Langton was. How strange her manner had been!—and, after all, she had not answered that question. He was careless, thoughtless, hard to impress; but suddenly there sprang up in him a devouring curiosity and uneasiness which he could not control.

With one quick movement he flung open the door and went out into the hall. Near the dining-room door the old butler Kenrick was standing. Duke went up to him.

"Where is Lady Oldcastle, Kenrick? Do you know?"

"Her ladyship is in the library, sir. I beg your pardon, Mr. Duke"—as the young man was moving away—"but my lady is not alone, sir."

"Do you mean that Sir Guy is with her?" asked Duke, halting.

"No, sir; I saw Sir Guy go into his workshop half an hour ago with Lady Adela. They are there still, I believe. There is a gentleman with the lady, I believe, sir. I took a card to her about ten minutes or so ago."

"I know," Duke said curtly, and went towards the library door with Gabriel Dwight's card still in his hand.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Lady Oldcastle had gone straight from the drawing room to the library when Gabriel Dwight's card had been brought to her. It had scarcely startled her; she had been bracing herself so long to meet this man again that it was almost a relief to her.

The old servant, giving her the card before doing her bidding, noted no change in her voice or expression; and, when, in a few moments, she entered the library, erect and haughty, in the handsome robes which became her, she felt that she could have raised her hand and struck him full in his broad blandly smiling face. He met the look she gave him, and knew it at least as well as she.

Lady Oldcastle smiled with icy contemptuousness.

"Do you suppose that he ever did?" she said, deliberately.

"Why, of course—yes!" He stared. "What do you mean?"

"That Adela Nugent is a most audacious girl, and capable, when she pleases, of most audacious things. She has given me proof of that. I told you, did I not, that I believed her quite capable of making at least half the advances? In this case I have no doubt whatever that she made them all—I am convinced of it. Guy would never have spoken to her. I know, and understand him far too well."

"What?" Duke muttered.

Then, with a sudden, involuntary spasm of honesty and outspokenness: "Well, all I can say is that, if she took half the trouble to bring him up to the scratch that she did to keep me off it, I don't wonder at all that things are as they are."

Lady Oldcastle returned no reply. Presently Duke began again, with another glance towards the still slumbering silk-merchant.

"Things are pretty well arranged, I suppose, mother? Do you know when the marriage is to be?"

"The date is not yet fixed, I believe, but probably it will be soon—some time in the coming autumn."

"So soon as that—eh? And," he added questioningly, "you mother?"

"I leave the Towers."

"Did Guy suggest it?"

"No; I spoke of it, and he at once agreed that it would not be best. I should probably not care, he said, to remain here, and that, of course, his wife must be. I shall go to the Dowser House."

"The Dowser House!" Duke said disparagingly. "Well, it's a nice enough place, but it isn't the Towers. I must say, mother, that I

trouble you for many minutes—you will not desire it, I am sure," he said meaningly; "and you are not, I regret to observe, looking so well as when I last had the pleasure of seeing you. I sincerely trust that your swoon upon that occasion had no after ill-effects. You will oblige me by sitting down!"

If he had not known before that, in spite of her silence, she was in deadly terror of him, he must have known it now, as she sank into the chair. She met his look fixedly still, and her face showed no change save a firmer compression of the already rigid-set lips; but the dilating and contracting pupils of her eyes betrayed her, and he knew that beneath the hand which she put to her bosom, as though to rearrange the folds of lace there, her heart was beating with suffocating throbs.

He thanked her for her compliance with a slight bow and a smile, and, after sitting down himself, stood a little apart from her, leaning the writing-table beside him, not speaking—perhaps arranging with himself how he had best begin.

"I am waiting, sir," Lady Oldcastle reminded him, looking at him with a steady frown, "to hear you explain your presence here, and your extraordinary conduct together."

The last words broke from her in a fiery way, in spite of her stern attempt to control herself, and the fear with which she regarded him was not the sickening terror with which she had dreaded his second appearance here in her home. After a few moments of silence, he again spoke.

"I spoke without any change in his easy attitude, still smiling, and the ease and directness with which he read her thoughts, and the insolent promptitude with which he proceeded to give utterance to them, appalled her.

"You were about to say, I believe, Lady Oldcastle, that you thought I should not come alone?"

"Your letter," she said, after a pause, "led me to suppose that you would not."

"Exactly," Gabriel Dwight smiled broadly. "I will forgive me, I am sure, if I confess that I purposely strove to create that impression, and that I did not succeed in doing so."

"I spoke without any change in his easy attitude, still smiling, and the ease and directness with which he read her thoughts, and the insolent promptitude with which he proceeded to give utterance to them, appalled her."

"I am waiting, sir," Lady Oldcastle reminded him, looking at him with a steady frown, "to hear you explain your presence here, and your extraordinary conduct together."

The last words broke from her in a fiery way, in spite of her stern attempt to control herself, and the fear with which she regarded him was not the sickening terror with which she had dreaded his second appearance here in her home. After a few moments of silence, he again spoke.

"I spoke without any change in his easy attitude, still smiling, and the ease and directness with which he read her thoughts, and the insolent promptitude with which he proceeded to give utterance to them, appalled her."

"I am waiting, sir," Lady Oldcastle reminded him, looking at him with a steady frown, "to hear you explain your presence here, and your extraordinary conduct together."

The last words broke from her in a fiery way, in spite of her stern attempt to control herself, and the fear with which she regarded him was not the sickening terror with which she had dreaded his second appearance here in her home. After a few moments of silence, he again spoke.

"I spoke without any change in his easy attitude, still smiling, and the ease and directness with which he read her thoughts, and the insolent promptitude with which he proceeded to give utterance to them, appalled her."

"I am waiting, sir," Lady Oldcastle reminded him, looking at him with a steady frown, "to hear you explain your presence here, and your extraordinary conduct together."

The last words broke from her in a fiery way, in spite of her stern attempt to control herself, and the fear with which she regarded him was not the sickening terror with which she had dreaded his second appearance here in her home. After a few moments of silence, he again spoke.

"I spoke without any change in his easy attitude, still smiling, and the ease and directness with which he read her thoughts, and the insolent promptitude with which he proceeded to give utterance to them, appalled her."

"I am waiting, sir," Lady Oldcastle reminded him, looking at him with a steady frown, "to hear you explain your presence here, and your extraordinary conduct together."

The last words broke from her in a fiery way, in spite of her stern attempt to control herself, and the fear with which she regarded him was not the sickening terror with which she had dreaded his second appearance here in her home. After a few moments of silence, he again spoke.

"I spoke without any change in his easy attitude, still smiling, and the ease and directness with which he read her thoughts, and the insolent promptitude with which he proceeded to give utterance to them, appalled her."

"I am waiting, sir," Lady Oldcastle reminded him, looking at him with a

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Telephone 344 for
Camping Supplies

Choicest Canned Meats, Fish and Fruits. Finest Wines and Liquors constantly on hand.
Discount of 5 per cent. on orders of \$10 or over.

MARSLAND & KENNEDY
FAMILY GROCERS
285 King St. West - Toronto

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
The Old and Popular Rail Route to
MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO

And all Principal Points in

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

It is positively the only line from Toronto running the celebrated Fullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor Cars, electric lighted, Speed, safety, civility.
For fares, tables, tickets and reliable information apply at the city ticket offices.

P. J. SLATTER, City Passenger Agent,
Corner King and Yonge streets and 20 York street, Toronto.
Telephone Nos. 434 and 435.

ANCHOR LINE
ATLANTIC EXPRESS SERVICE

Liverpool via Queenstown

GLASGOW SERVICE

Steamers every Saturday to Glasgow and
Londonderry.

For Rates, Plans and all information, apply to
M. D. Murdoch & Co.
AGENTS, 60 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

The Cunard S.S. Line

patronized by Toronto's
BEST SOCIETY
Noted for Safety, Elegance and Speed
A. F. WEBSTER
Sales Agent 58 Yonge St

TAYLOR & CO.
ART TAILORS

120¹ WEST KING ST.
OPPOSITE ROSSIN HOUSE ENTRANCE.

Perfect Workmanship and Correct Style
of Dresses for Gentlemen's Wear at Reasonable
Prices. Personal attention given to all patrons
by our Mr. Charles M. Taylor.

FRANK L. SANAGAN & CO.
THE NOBBY TAILORS
241 YONGE STREET

McCAUSLAND & SON'S
SUPERIOR
STAINED GLASS AND WALL
PAPER
72 TO 76 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO
TELEPHONE 1112

Trunks and Valises
SATCHELS and PURSES
Best Goods. Lowest Prices
C. C. POMEROY
49 King Street West TORONTO

55 CENTS

The small purchase amounting to 55¢—
fifty-five cents, for which a numbered re-
ceipt or voucher is given, may win the
prize of the watch worth one thousand
dollars. All purchases well made Canadian
will please note the fact. This said
watch is the finest in America as a mechan-
ical work of art. Send for circulars.

RUSSELL'S
9 King Street West, Toronto

CANDY
BY MAIL AND EXPRESS
IN
2 lb., 4 lb. and 5 lb. Boxes
FROM 25c. TO 50c. PER LB.

These are all hand-made goods and fresh every day.
HARRY WEBB, 477 Yonge St.
TORONTO

JAS. COX & SON
83 Yonge Street

PAstry COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS

Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

ICE CREAM PARLOR NOW OPEN

Picnics and Parties Supplied
with Cream and Cakes.

Try our Snowflake
Homemade Bread.

New Store
Cor. Yonge and
Edward Sts.,
and 160 Bay St.

WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY

Telephones—Yonge St., 1515; Bay St. 677

MEDLAND & JONES

Agents Scottish Union, Norwich Union, Accidents Insurance.

Office—Mail Building, Toronto. Telephone 1007

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE
PHOTOGRAPHER

Out-door Views, Photo Engraving, Photographing on Zinc, Commercial Photography, Life-Size Gelatino-Bromide Enlargements, Photographing on Wood by Meadows' Process.

40 Jarvis Street, Toronto

MR. HAMILTON McCARTHY, A.R.C.A., Sculptor
Has removed to commodious premises on the ground floor of New Buildings on Lombard Street, immediately opposite Postoffice.

SUNBEAMS

ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West

Photographs of all sizes
Sunbeams \$1 per doz.

BELLEI MOUNTAINS

ST. HILAIRE, P.Q.
THE IROQUOIS HOUSE

GREATLY IMPROVED. Will open for the season about JUNE 1st. Write for Descriptive Circular.

B. F. CAMPBELL, Managing Director.

JOHN P. MILL

Watchmaker and Jeweler

Watches and Wedding Rings a specialty. Special attention to all kinds of Repairing

445 Yonge Street, opp. College Ave., Toronto.

THE HUB CAFE
AND MERCHANTS' LUNCH COUNTER

First-class in every respect. A specialty is the choice butter and the best meats procurable. All the delicacies of the season and prompt attendance. Private dining-room up-stairs. Reading and smoking rooms attached.
12 Colborne St., W. R. BINGHAM, PROP.

46 and 48 King Street East.

• **Commander Port Wine** in cases and bulk. Family trade a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Moet and Chandon "White Seal," George Gouriet and other leading brands of Champagne. Over half a dozen imported cigars always in stock. Trade supplied at bottom prices.

• **THE JEWELL RESTAURANT**

Jordan Street

This favorite restaurant of Toronto's business men has recently been enlarged and refitted throughout.

Reading and smoking rooms.

HENRY MORGAN — Proprietor

Grand Opera Sample Room

The choicest lines of WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS, FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT in connection.

D. SMALL, Proprietor.

CONFEDERATION

Life Association

TORONTO.

F. H. SEFTON
DENTIST

172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's Dry Goods Store

OFFICE HOURS—8 A.M. TO 8 P.M.

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY

Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Sections. Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to modern dentistry practiced.

CHAS. P. LENNOX

Yonge Street Arcade

Room B

Telephone 1846

**TEETH WITH OR
WITHOUT A PLATE**

Best teeth on Rubber, \$8.00. Vitalised air for painless extraction. Telephone 1478

C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

C. V. SNELGROVE

Dental Surgeon, 97 Carlton St., Toronto

New Process—Porcelain Fillings and Porcelain Crowns a specialty.

Telephone 3631

MR. HIPKINS

DENTIST

No. 12 CARLTON STREET

E. E. FARRINGER

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC

58 Homewood Avenue

Instruction given on Piano, Violin, Cornet, etc.

Summer term commences July 2.

HENRI DE BESSE

(From Paris and Stuttgart Conservatories of Music, late Prize-winner in both. Conservatory of Music will receive pupils for Violin or Violoncello at summer term, from June 20 to August 31. Pupils coming now will be retained through the entire season at summer term prices. No lessons given in classes. Address at residence, 128 Yonge Street, next door from Jarvis St. of Chatton's Music Store, 107 Yonge Street.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON

Organist of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

Organ, Piano and Harmony

94 Gloucester Street

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL

Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptists Church, Toronto, teacher of

Piano, Organ and Musical Theory

at the Toronto College of Music

Residence 305 Jarvis Street

PERCY V. GREENWOOD

Organist All Saints' Church, Teacher of Music. Three manual organ for practice. Address 239 Sherbourne street. Telephone 1776.

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

150 Carlton Street, opp. the Gardens

This school is conducted on the principle that only first-class tuition can overcome the many constitutional defects which are inherent in most of our students. We do not employ cheap teachers. We give thorough work from the lowest to the highest grade, and are patronized by the best families in the city. The popularity of our method is on the increase, also the number of persons who have learned to play the piano and violin as the result of thirty years' practical work on the part of the principal, and can not be applied successfully, even by the best of teachers, unless they have received practical instruction from us. Therefore the only way to insure the full benefit of our method is to come to the Ontario College of Music. A summer term as usual.

C. FARRINGER

TOURONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

**A SPECIAL
SUMMER TERM**

Will be held from July 8 to August 9.

For terms, etc., early application should be made to

F. H. TORRINGTON,

12 and 14 Pembroke Street.

**TORONTO
CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC.**

GOVERNMENT CHARTER.

HON. G. W. ALLAN, PRESIDENT.

1000 Total Attendance first 2 years.

All branches taught—Instrumental and Vocal music; Elocution, Languages, Scholarships, certificates, diplomas. Free Theory, Violin, Concerts and Lectures. Next Fall organ, string instruments, piano, harp, etc. and complete church organs, each have lessons, practice and recitals upon a GRAND CONCERT ORGAN built expressly for the Conservatory, in Association Hall.

SUMMER NORMAL TERM, July 8 to Aug. 10.

FALL TERM OPENS Sept. 4. Send for free

Calendar. Address EDWARD FISHER, Director, cor. Yonge St. and Wilton Ave., Toronto.

Mr. W. L. THE DOMINION

for some time past

Mr. and Mrs. BARRELL, staying at H.

Mr. and Mrs. SHEARD and field, Signor

staying at H.

Mr. and Mrs. DAWSON

for some time past

Mr. and Mrs. MARSHALL, staying at H.

Miss BROWN, staying at H.

Mr. and Mrs. McNAUL, staying at H.

Mr. and Mrs. SWIFT, staying at H.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

On Wednesday evening a quiet reception was given at their residence on Gerrard street by Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Wild in honor of the recent wedding of their son, Mr. Mount C. Wild to Miss Maggie Fleming. About three hundred guests were present. Standing beneath a floral wedding bell in the drawing-room the bride and bridegroom received the congratulations of their friends, and all around the room was scattered a profusion of wild flowers. The many beautiful and valuable gifts received from friends were shown, among which were a beautiful painting of Rocky Mountain landscape, the work of Mrs. Wild, the groom's mother, and a beautiful silver tea service from the bride's uncle, Mr. Mitchell of Cayuga.

Professor Baker has arrived in Amsterdam.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Baker are at Baker's Island, Lake Rosseau, and will remain there all July. In August they go to State Island, St. Lawrence, with Toronto Canoe Club.

Mrs. Bendelari and family left on the 8th for Annisquam, near Gloucester, Mass., where they are to remain till the warm weather is over, in company with Mrs. George Worthington of Cleveland, and Prof. Bendelari of Harvard College.

Mrs. W. R. Holton and child of Parkdale are spending a few weeks with their cousins at Owen Sound.

If those going from home to watering places would send an announcement to SATURDAY NIGHT it would be a favor to their friends.

The Misses Jewell leave on July 15 for a lengthy tour through England and the continent.

The following ladies and gentlemen are spending the summer at Stanley House, Lake Joseph, Muskoka: Dr. Kingston and party of Aylmer, Mr. T. Jenkins and Miss Jenkins of Toronto, Rev. C. and Mrs. Scadding of New York, Mrs. H. Scadding and Miss Holcroft of Orillia, Dr. H. Crawford Scadding of Toronto, Master Cameron of Toronto, Prof. Ashley and family of Toronto, Dr. Mrs. and Miss M. Corbett of Orillia.

The following Torontonians are residing at Beaumaris Hotel, Muskoka Lake: Messrs. H. Gordon Mackenzie, A. Ford, J. Morrow, E. T. English, R. H. Fox, Arthur A. Gibb, Walter P. Thomson, Saml. May, Mr. and Mrs. Donald C. Ridout and family, Misses C. and N. Langmuir, Mr. Goodwin Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Brown, Mr. F. A. Acland. From Guelph are: Mrs. Hall, Miss Mercer, the Misses Hall, Mr. E. Kvist, Mr. G. B. Hall. From Hamilton: Mrs. Geo. H. and the Misses Gillespie. Mr. J. Ashcroft of Liverpool, Eng.

Mr. W. K. Pearce and Mr. Evan Begg of the Dominion Bank are looking well after their trip up the lakes to Mackinaw.

Mrs. Darling of New York, who has resided for some time on the Island, left with her family on Thursday for Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Norris have left town for Barrie, Muskoka and Halifax, N. S.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blackburn and family, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Brush and family, Mrs. Sheard and family, Mrs. Staunton, Mrs. Canfield, Signor and Mrs. D'Auria and family are staying at Hanlan's Point.

Out of Town.**WALKERTON.**

On Friday, July 5, Dr. Usher and family left for Pomona, Cal. Before his departure, a number of the residents of the town assembled at his house and presented the doctor with a gold-headed cane, a gold watch chain, and an address.

Mrs. Hughes and Miss Sinclair have gone to Portage la Prairie to spend the summer.

Miss Trall of Hamilton is spending her holidays here.

Mr. Nicol Kingsmill and family of Toronto are spending a few days with Judge Kingsmill.

Mr. Gunn left for Scotland on Monday July 8.

Mr. L. McNamara of Mt. Forest spent Sunday in town.

BELLEVILLE.

Lieut.-Col. Hulme, manager of the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company of Quebec, late of this city, was presented with a handsome gold watch and chain by his friends here, as a parting token of esteem.

Miss Tempe Falkiner is so far convalescent that she took a drive on Saturday afternoon with Miss Biggar and Mr. George Biggar.

Mr. Hamilton, manager of the Merchants' Bank, and family have taken up their residence in their roomy and comfortable cottage at Massasauga Park.

Mrs. George A. Cox and Master Bertie Cox of Toronto are the guests of Mrs. T. Donnelly, Charles street. They are taking in the delights of our beautiful Bay of Quinte.

Mr. Marshalls Bank has been rustinating in a tent at Massasauga Park.

Miss Annie Mathison, daughter of the Superintendent of the Institute, is visiting friends in Brantford.

Miss Frankie Rathbun of Deseronto is the guest of Miss Alice Bell.

Mrs. McAnany gave a dance on Wednesday evening in honor of her visitor, Mrs. Brewer of New York.

Mr. H. Simpson has gone to Hastings to take charge of a branch law office for his father, Mr. J. H. Simpson.

A Distinguished Visitor.

Mr. Lyman Wheeler, the well-known vocal teacher of Boston, is in the city and has been so well received, both socially and professionally that he expresses himself delighted with Toronto. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays he examines voices (without charge) and give a candid opinion of their possibilities.

Practical Business Education.

Mr. J. M. Crowley, the general manager, announces that the Toronto Business College, corner of Yonge and Shuter streets, will hold a special summer term for teachers and others, until the end of August. A perusal of their descriptive circular will repay intending candidates.

The Heintzman Band, that popular and efficient organization of the employees of the enterprising firm of Heintzman & Co., will excursion to Niagara Falls on July 20.

TO CAMPING PARTIES

We have on hand a full and specially selected stock of camping and picnic supplies, including Fine Wines, Liquors and aerated waters, put up in assorted cases to suit, and shipped to all resorts. We will pay shipping charges on all orders of \$10 and upwards. Try our celebrated "MIKADO" blonde of whiskey--easy to take--and with all the nutritive qualities required by invalids.

Orders by mail, wire or telephone promptly attended to.

F. P. BRAZILL & CO.

105 King Street East

TORONTO

TELEPHONE 678

N. B.—Try a case (12 bottles) of our Choice Claret, \$5 per case, cheapest in the market. "Aged whiskies our specialty."

THE QUEEN'S ROYAL HOTEL

Niagara - on - the - Lake

This popular summer resort is a branch of The Queen's Hotel, Toronto; is situated at the mouth of the Niagara River on the shore of Lake Ontario, ten miles from Niagara Falls.

FOUR FIRST-CLASS TENNIS COURTS**Good Fishing, Bathing and Boating****ACCOMMODATION FOR TWO HUNDRED GUESTS**

Hop Every Saturday Evening in Ball-Room

Special rates to families by the week, month or season. Send for illustrated circular.

McGAW & WINNETT.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

WHITBY

Literary course based on University curriculum. Music and Fine Arts under direction of ablest masters. Elocution and Commercial branches by gifted specialists. Social Habits and Manners receive marked attention from lady principal of known ability. Gymnasium elaborately equipped for scientific physical culture. Magnificent buildings; extensive grounds; healthful home. Fifteenth year begins September 5.

For calendar address:

REV. J. J. HARE, Ph. D., Principal.

Annual Excursion

OF THE

HEINTZMAN BAND

TO

NIAGARA FALLS

ON

SATURDAY, JULY 20

PER PALACE STEAMERS

Chicora and Cibola

Boat leaves Yonge Street Wharf at 7 a.m.; returning, train leaves the Falls at 7:05 p.m. for Lewiston, where boat will be waiting specially for excursionists so that there will be no loss of time in getting back. The full band, under Mr. THOS. BAUGH, conductor, will render a choice programme of music during the day.

Tickets for round trip \$1.25; children 65 cents. To be had from members of the Band or at Heintzman & Co.'s.

The National Game.

"My faith! is it possible in this American, which I consider so 'civilized'?" exclaimed Mlle de Mortier. "This which is that which you call a newspaper, announce that 'the umpire roasted Anson, and that 'Gore died at first, but was given a life later by Pfeffer,' who, it seems, committed a very yellow error. One Ward is publicly applauded for the infamy of 'stealing three bags,' and yet he afterwards left the diamond." *Mille tonnerre!* In our France one steals the diamond and leaves the bag. The paper says that 'Mickey struck fourteen men out,' and that though 'a large police force preserved strict order.' No one strikes fourteen men before *gens d'armes* in Paris."

Practical Business Education.

Mr. J. M. Crowley, the general manager, announces that the Toronto Business College, corner of Yonge and Shuter streets, will hold a special summer term for teachers and others, until the end of August. A perusal of their descriptive circular will repay intending candidates.

The Heintzman Band, that popular and efficient organization of the employees of the enterprising firm of Heintzman & Co., will excursion to Niagara Falls on July 20.

Midas Grows Envious.

Colonel Closewax—What did our beach dinner party cost, dear?

Mrs. Colonel Closewax—One hundred dollars.

Colonel Closewax—What has been done with the remaining nine hundred dollars out of the one thousand dollar check I gave you?

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.**See the No. 9 and No. 12 Sewing Machines****THE PRACTICAL RESULTS OF 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE**

The light running, high arm and noiseless No. 9 Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, for elegance of design, excellence of workmanship, simplicity and durability, and for all family purposes, has no equal.

We invite inspection of manufacturers and others, interested in first-class sewing machinery, to our No. 12 and D 13 complete sewing machine plant for any branch of manufacturing.

Special sewing machinery of all kinds supplied to order. Needles and attachments for all kinds of work.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUF'G CO.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE FOR ONTARIO—266 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Telephone 277 GEO. BARRETT, Manager.

LORNE STEAMER MERRITT PARK**PENINSULA PARK HOTEL****LAKE SIMCOE**

Is now open for guests under new and popular management.

RATES Graded from \$7 per Week

Close communication with Toronto and Hamilton trains, and by steamer Enterprise from Barrie to the Park daily, and late train on Saturdays and early train on Monday evenings south throughout the season.

The hotel contains 80 rooms, with all the latest modern appointments; beautifully situated overlooking Kempenfelt Bay, on Lake Simcoe, and nine miles from Barrie; bath houses, boats, bowling alleys, swings, lawn tennis, good fishing and daily mail. For particulars address:

A. R. BINGHAM

Lessee and Manager, Barrie.

HANLAN'S POINT

Saturday Afternoon and Evening

Grand Open Air Concert

BY THE BAND OF THE Q. O. R.

Stearns will leave Yonge, York and Brock streets every 20 minutes. Last boat leaves Island at 11 p.m. Band Concerts will be given every evening.

DOTY FERRY CO.

NIAGARA NAVIGATION CO.

MAGNIFICENT SIDEWHEEL STEAMERS

Chicora and Cibola

Leave Yonge Street Wharf, Toronto, at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4:45 p.m. for Niagara and Lewiston, making close connection with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Suspension Bridge, Buffalo, Rochester, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, Erie, Cleveland, etc.

Family Book Tickets at Very Low Rates

Particulars from C. W. IRWIN, Agent, 40 Yonge Street, Toronto.

ST. CATHARINES, NIAGARA FALLS, BUFFALO, NEW YORK and all points east Daily from Geddes Wharf, at 7:30 a.m. and 3 p.m. by the PALACE STEAMER

EMPEROR OF INDIA

Season

1889

to exclusive pleasure. Tickets issued by G. T. L. and G. press of India Ticket Agents.

TRADE MARK
ESTABLISHED 1866
Nestle's Milk Food
A Perfect Nutriment for Infants Children and Invalids

Spring and Summer stock in great variety. Stylish and Artistic work in all its branches.

DRESSMAKING

Perfection in Fashion, Fit and Finish Guaranteed.

Leave orders early to insure prompt attention.

J. & A. CARTER

Manufacturers and Teachers of the

New Tailor System of Dress Cutting, Int.

Prof. Maudly's.

Matrimonial Adaptation

A wonderful book which every young man or woman should have. Many lives are made miserable after marriage through each being ignorant of the other's disposition, temperament, etc. We guarantee that any lady or gentleman following the advice and instructions contained in this comprehensive work will secure life-long happiness.

Sent post free to any address for 25c. (stamps taken).

THE

CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO.

LIMITED

LATE OF R. HAY & CO.

Fancy and Staple

FURNITURE

Newest Designs. Moderate Prices

Colonel Closewax—There wasn't a cent left after I tipped the waiters.

Colonel Closewax—I think I'll ask the proprietor of this hotel to give me a chance to wait on dinner parties.

EUREKA PUBLISHING CO.

Box 523, Toronto, Ont.

Midas Grows Envious.

Colonel Closewax—What did our beach dinner party cost, dear?

Colonel Closewax—One hundred dollars.

Colonel Closewax—What has been done with the remaining nine hundred dollars out of the one thousand dollar check I gave you?

Mrs. Colonel Closewax—There wasn't a cent left after I tipped the waiters.

A great many of the ladies and gentlemen of this city, intending to visit the great Paris Exhibition, are following the special courses instituted to this effect by the Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east.

HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. TORONTO.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

GOLDSTEIN—On July 2, at Toronto, Mrs. Goldstein—a daughter.

HANNA—On July 2, at Toronto, Mrs. D. Hanna—a son.

ARNOLDI—On July 2, at Toronto, Mrs. Frank Arnoldi—a son.

LEIGH SPENCER—On July 2, at Toronto, Mrs. O. L. Leigh-Spencer—a daughter.

HADDER—On July 1, at Toronto, Mrs. C. T. Hadder—a son.

CONNELL—On July 8, at Toronto, Mrs. Thomas E. Connell—a son.

DAVIS—On July 10, at Toronto, Mrs. Fred. Davis—a son.

Marriages.

MURDOCK—HUNT—At St. Mark's Church, on July 9, Rev. C. J. Ingles, J. Y. Murdoch, barrister, to Clara, third daughter of the late Chas Hunt, all of Toronto.

BOAG—PATTERSON—On July 3, at Stratford, J. R. Boag to Anna Patterson.

MCCLELLAND—LANGDON—On July 1, at Cooksville, Geo. McClelland to Anna Langdon.

SPICER—HEWSTON—At Toronto, Benjamin B. Spicer to Anna Hewston.

FINLAY—COOTS—On July 3, at Toronto, James Finlay to Mrs. Mary J. Coots.

FURNISS—OVERHOLT—On June 28, at Toronto, Arthur William Needham Furniss to Emma Frances Overholst of Welland.

PEACEY—WATKINS—On July 2, at Toronto, Alfred G. Peacey to Bella Watkins.

SCOTT—MCLELLAN—On July 9, at Toronto, Rev. John Scott to Anna P. McLean, to Mrs. E. J. McLean.

HALLAMOR—HANNA—On July 8, at Toronto, J. H. C. Hallamor to Mary Etta Hanna.

DONALDSON—MORGAN—On July 8, at Ashburnham, J. Gerald Stuart Donaldson of Toronto, to Anne Mempesson Morgan.

ARMSTRONG—WOOD—At Toronto, T. Norman Armstrong to Matilda Wood, both of Toronto.

BRUCE—O'REILLY—On July 10, at Toronto, John Bruce to Helen Rose O'Reilly.

JEFFERS—WILLIAMS—On July 10, at Toronto, T. C. Jeffers to Nellie Williamson, both of Toronto.

VAIL—CAMPBELL—On July 9, at Barrie, William Vail to Mary Campbell, both of Barrie, Ont.

Deaths.

GRANGE—On July 8, at Newburgh, Mrs. Wm. Grange, aged 37 years, sister of Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, Toronto.

CADDY—On June 30, at Simcoe, Ont., Elizabeth Ann Caddy, aged 77 years.

MYLES—On July 12, at Guernsey, Channel Islands, Mr. Wm. Myles, aged 69 years.

SMITH—On July 4, at Calgary, N.W.T., Frederick George Smith, aged 34 years.

VAUDREUIL—MORISON—On July 7, at Toronto, Henry Vaudreuil, aged 82 years.

GAYTON—On July 7, at Toronto, Thomas Gayton, aged 32 years.

SCOTT—On July 7, at Toronto, Edward Scott, aged 22 years.

DUDLEY—On July 7, at Fernside, Lake Couchiching, William, infant son of T. J. Dudley.

JONES—On July 6, at Paris, Ont., William Chadwick Jones, proprietor of the "Star-Transcript," aged 51 years.

HOBBS—On July 3, at Coborne, Frederick Charles Rogers, aged 16 years.

SMITH—On July 8, at Toronto, James R. Lloyd Smith.

TELFER—On July 8, at Toronto, Mrs. Alice Telfer, aged 71 years.

GLOVER—On July 9, at Toronto, Mary Maud Glover, aged 1 year.

BEEL—On July 9, at Toronto, Henry Bell, aged 75 years.

BOYD—On July 7, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Marie Louise, infant daughter of David and Maria Boyd.

LABITZKY—On July 8, at Hamilton, Sebastian Labitzky, aged 27 years.

WESLEY—On July 10, at Toronto, Mrs. L. Wesley, aged 47 years.

NOBLE—On July 9, at Norval, Ont., Mrs. Ann Noble, aged 37 years.

SUTHERLAND—On July 8, at Newmarket, Mrs. Lucy A. Sutherland.

J. F. THOMSON. GEORGE DUNSTAN.

Henry S. Dupton
REAL ESTATE BROKERS

Mail Building, Bay Street
Telephone 1,327

EAST TORONTO BRANCH—79 Queen Street East.
E. MACRAE, Manager.

WEST TORONTO JUNCTION BRANCH—59 Dundas St.
A. MEREDITH, Manager.

Hot Weather Clothing
FOR MEN AND BOYS

Since the hot weather set in the rush for our Cool Clothing has been very great. We show a tremendous stock. All classes of goods, and every size for men and boys.

See our stock of Boys' Jerseys; they are simply immense.

OAK HALL
115 to 121 King St. E., Toronto
WILLIAM RUTHERFORD — Manager.

TAKE THE
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
Via New "Short" Line

Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.B.
AND THE
Famous Seaside Resorts
OF
St. Andrews, Campobello
Grand Manan, &c.

Through trains from Montreal to Halifax, N.S.
For full information as to rates, &c., apply to any C. P. R.
Ticket Agent, or to
D. McNICOLL, Gen. Pass. Agent,
Montreal.

W. R. CALLAWAY,
District Pass. Agent,
Toronto.

Do you expect factory-made garments to show that dainty perfection you want to see in Baby's dress? But with either of the two new and elegant Family Sewing Machines just produced by the Singer Manufacturing Co. you can do work good enough even for Baby!

WE GUARANTEE
PERFECTION.



The Singer
Manufacturing
Company
No. 66
King St. West
Toronto
Agencies
Everywhere

**OUR SUMMER SALE
COMMENCED
TUESDAY, JULY 2**

Reductions 20 to 40 p. c.—Ten Cents off Each Whole Dollar Bill

OVERBUYING LAST WINTER CAUSES A SURPLUS—A surplus of fresh, new, desirable goods. Plums—Real good things, and we have made up our minds to sacrifice them. We have \$50,000 worth of goods received in excess of orders. They shall be sold regardless of cost.

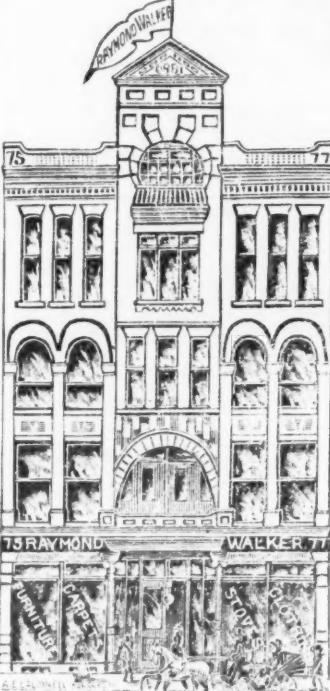
MILLINERY, MANTLES, DRESS GOODS, HOUSE FURNISHINGS, CLOTHING, ETC.—All will be sacrificed. Special lines all over the store will be reduced from 20 to 40 per cent, besides which 10c. will be allowed on each dollar purchased for cash.

SEASIDE FLANNELS, FINE DRESS GOODS—The whole of this beautiful stock at sale prices. No reserve. An elegant assortment of Seaside Flannels at 15c. a yard and 10c. off the dollar besides. Ceylon Flannels in many patterns. Bargains in every corner. Chances in every line.

During July and August store closes at 6 p.m., Saturdays included.

R. WALKER & SONS
King Street East

RAYMOND



WALKER'S

House Furnishing Depot

75 to 77 Queen St. West

TORONTO

With Premises the Largest and Finest
of the Kind in the Dominion

With a stock of General House Furnishing Goods to match
the building and

OUR EASY PAYMENT SYSTEM

To help the customer we offer advantages not elsewhere found in Canada.

The Easy Payment System Has Become
a Positive Necessity

In all the large cities more than that it has become decidedly popular. The buyer who would be alarmed at the sight of a large carpet or furniture bill thinks nothing of the few weekly dollars paid out as instalments. He has his money and his comforts as well.

WE HAVE EVERY HOUSEHOLD REQUISITE

Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Stoves and Ranges, Lamps, Pictures, Refrigerators, and Men's Clothing. We know your need:—you know your wants.

Raymond Walker, the Liberal House Furnisher

75 to 77 Queen Street West

"DOMINION"

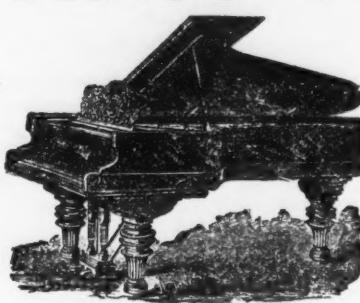
The "Dominion" Pianos continue everywhere to lead in Canada. Their uniform excellence and individual perfection inspire the confidence of the people, who find them in every case fully as represented. The Dominion Company have always sought to make only the best. The great sale of their Pianos and Organs to-day bears witness to their success.

Sole Agency, J. S. POWLEY & Co., Toronto Temple of Music, 68 King Street West.

PIANOS

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO'Y MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH-CLASS PIANOS

Unequalled in Elegance or
Construction and Beauty
of Finish.



EASY and Sympathetic
Touch, Fullness and
Purity of Tone.

AMERICAN PIANOS. CANADIAN ORGANS

Second-hand Pianos and Organs on Small Weekly or Monthly Payments.

91 AND 93 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTEs

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most
reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.



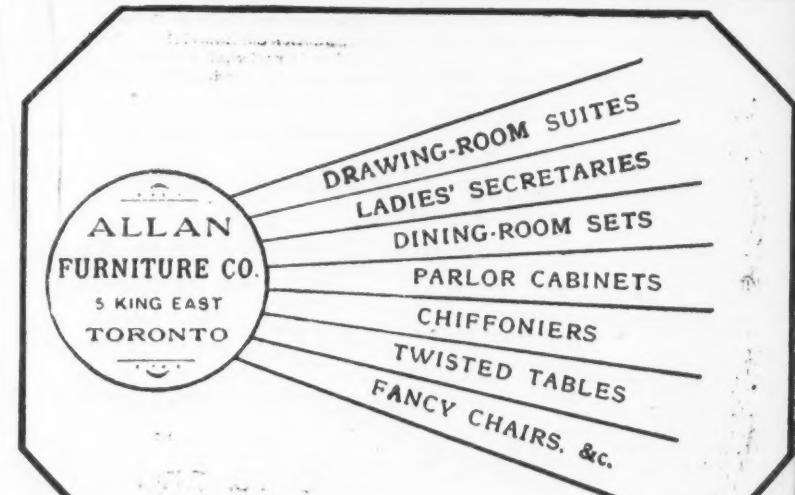
Our written guarantee for five years
for each company.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.



Illustrated Catalog
free on application

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto



FURNITURE

FINE AND MEDIUM

Inspect my well-assorted stock before purchasing elsewhere.

PRICES LOW. ONLY ONE PRICE

UPHOLSTERING TO ORDER

Having a first-class staff of men I am enabled to give full satisfaction at very reasonable prices.

Come and see my new importations. SHOWING A PLEASURE.

488 Yonge Street R. F. PIEPER Opposite Carlton